

Sports Illustrated

JULY 17, 1972 60 CENTS

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Contents

JULY 17, 1972 Volume 37, No. 3

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

12 All Out for Munich

That is, those who are in after the Olympic track and field trials—Jim Ryan and Bob Seagren, for example

18 A Bedstead Beats the Ocean

One Frenchman aboard a gawky trituran tipped another on an amazing schooner in a singlehanded sailing duel

20 . . . And Bombers Hit the River

Upstart Bill Sterett Jr. brazenly drove his admitted post undefeated Bill Muncy to cause waves in the hydro world

22 Salutes for a Corporal and a King

Stan and Billie Jean take home a majestic double victory in the singles at Wimbledon

28 After the Golden Moment

For some champions the Olympics have meant enduring fame, for others only the memory of an instant of glory

42 Trotting It Out in Style

At Grasshops, near Paris, harness horses enjoy a training establishment unique in its beauty and utility

62 Pack up Your Troubles

But don't cram your kit bag with creature comforts if you want an uplifting experience camping in the wilds

The departments

10 Scorecard	58 Motor Sports
48 People	75 For the Record
52 Baseball	76 19th Hole
54 Golf	



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one time a year and, by Vote Inc., 341 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; JAMES R. Shepley, President; Richard R. McKeown, Treasurer; Charles R. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized in second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 73

Next week

WITH 166 BUNKERS and swirling winds, Scotland's elegant Muirfield lies in wait for Jack Nicklaus and his Grand Slam play. Dan Jenkins is there for Act III: The British Open.

THE STRANGE MOVES may be over, and then again they may be just beginning as Bobby and Boris get down to business at last in the world chess championship at Reykjavik.

BIGGEST WHEEL in European cycling is Belgium's Eddy Merckx, a vintage racer who ages his tires like rare wine. A profile of a man who is seeking his fourth Tour de France win.



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BOOKTALK

How many free throws do you get for a foul that took eight years to settle?

Connie Hawkins was born in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section, in the middle of that melancholy summer of '42, with few prospects of improving upon the ghetto life-style he inherited from his parents. A shy, unassuming youth who was 5' 10" by the age of 10, Connie was the neighborhood punching bag until his basketball skills rescued him. He made All-New York City as a senior at Boys High in Brooklyn, and the night he graduated was voted the most valuable player in an East-West All-Star game that included Jeff Mullins, Joe Caldwell, Barry Kramer, Paul Silas and George Wilson—all of whom would find employment in the NBA four years later. Connie Hawkins would wait twice as long.

It was his misfortune to be caught in the swirls of a college basketball gambling scandal in 1961, when he was a freshman at Iowa. Blacklisted by the NBA without ever having been convicted of wrongdoing, Hawkins lived like a nomad for eight years until his lawsuit was settled and he joined the Phoenix Suns to become an NBA All-Star.

Foul (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.95) by David Wolf is an extension of the author's 1969 article in *Lari*, which first pleaded Hawkins' innocence and helped demonstrate the strength of his legal case to the NBA. As a result of the facts contained in Wolf's article and more than 10,000 man-hours of work by his lawyers, Hawkins was awarded \$850,000 in damages and allowed to enter the league as a 27-year-old rookie. Some rookie. By that time he had already been the leading scorer and MVP his "rookie" seasons in both the old ABL and the ABA. In between he spent four punishing years on the road with the Harlem Globetrotters. Although the scandal dominates the book as it has Hawkins' life, Wolf covers the years in exile as though he had kept a diary. Actually, he had never met Hawkins before 1969.

The mere length of *Foul* indicates it isn't a typical piece of junk journalism. There aren't even any sports pictures, but mug shots might have been appropriate for most of the protagonists. Besides a pair of hustlers who went to prison for fixing games, there is a player who involved Hawkins because of something he'd heard secondhand, an alma mater that was at least culpable in his troubles, a New York D.A. who was able to get a questionable confession out of Hawkins after a week's interrogation, and finally NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy, who believed it all.

Wolf's book is remarkable for its recitation of wrongs that nearly ruined Connie Hawkins' life and wasted his talents. In his case, the NBA was guilty not only of a technical foul but a personal one as well.

—KENT HANSON

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SHOPWALK

To Vince Cummings, a fishing rod is more than a pole, a cork and a hank of thread

In this pop plastic age, one tends to think of fine craftsmanship as a disappearing art, and nowhere is this more prevalent than in angling, where crusty old types swear by the split-bamboo rod. To use a term employed by angling's Bimps, this is so much balderdash. Fiber-glass rods produced by Vince Cummings in Thornwood, N.Y. are proof that craftsmanship is alive and well.

Now 50 years old, Vince Cummings has been making fly rods for almost half his life. He began with bamboo and then switched to fiber glass 16 years ago because he found the material to be "just that much better." As a matter of fact, Cummings got so enthused about the potential of fiber glass that he quit his job with an oil company to go into rodmaking and sporting goods. He has attracted such a following—Keith Fuhler, the originator of the "Thunder Creek" streamers, and Gardner Grant, a leading freshwater and saltwater fly-fisherman, are regular customers—that he is now devoting himself to rodmaking full-time.

The secret of the Cummings rods is that the fiber glass is made of extremely fine fibers wrapped around mandrels of Cummings' own design. As a result, the rods have thin walls, high strength, good butt-to-tip flex and light weight. The smallest rod he makes, a single-piece six-footer called the Elf, weighs only 1.4 ounces, and his biggest, the Ultimate Salmon VII, a two-piece nine-footer, is only 4.9 ounces. (A comparable rod by one competitor weighs 6½ ounces.) "Weight can make a big difference in the course of a day of salmon fishing," Cummings says.

Last spring I bought an Elf from Cummings, and I have gotten enormous joy using it even on days when I didn't catch a thing. The rod has the knack of "just working right into your hand," as Grant puts it, and, even if you are awkward, as I am, casting becomes pleasurable for its own sake. Youngsters love the Elf because it is scaled to their size, and they do not get discouraged as they might with a bigger rod. Rods may be ordered from P.O. Box 144, Thornwood, N.Y. 10594. A note to the impatient: do not expect fast delivery.

Cummings' rods are not cheap—they range from \$65 to \$95 with a protective aluminum case—but they are lovingly made and the fittings are of the finest materials. The cork rings are individually glued into place for the handle, and the nylon guide wrappings are smuggled so closely that one fisherman accused Cummings of using tape instead of thread. More outraged artist than businessman, Cummings took a razor blade and cut off the thread. With Vince Cummings, craftsmanship is everything.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In this issue one of our writers pulls off something of a double play. On page 62 Bill Gilbert confesses that he spends about 40 days a year living out of doors, suggests that camping may be camp but not all that much fun, and tells you what to do if you persist—as he does—in having rain clouds as your roof.

But Gilbert is also a coach, and he persists at that, too. Five years ago he introduced SI readers to his girls' track team—the Fairfield Striders—an energetic group of teen- and subteen-age youngsters from Fairfield, Pa. who made the rounds of junior AAU track and field meets under the tutelage of Gilbert and a friend, Jim Strook. His article (*Thank Heaven for . . .*, Nov. 27, 1967) followed the girls during their first year or so of running and gave promise of bigger things to come. It is gratifying to report that bigger things have indeed come to the Fairfield Striders. Two weeks ago there they were, in Gilbert's tow, competing in the AAU national women's championships at Canton, Ohio.

It would be nice to say that the girls—now blossoming into young womanhood—electrified Canton and ran away with every blue ribbon in sight. They did not. But one of them, the team's shotputter, Beth Miller, made it to the Olympic Trials in Frederick, Md. this week. There she finished ninth, not good enough to merit a Munich trip or even mention in our story (page 16), but good enough to warm Coach and Camper Gilbert.

Much has happened to his team since Gilbert last wrote about the Striders. "Five years ago, competing in Harrisburg was a major expedition," he says. "Since those days they have run, jumped and thrown throughout the East, West and Middle West—in Colorado, New Mexico, California, Canada and plenty of points in between."

For part of that time, most of 1971 to be exact, Gilbert and his family were living in southern Arizona, where Gilbert was making a scientific study of the life-style of the couatounds. "The one thing I really missed from the en-



WRITER GILBERT AND THE CANTON FIVE

tire East was the Fairfield Striders," he says. "They are delightful, a rest from the cares of the real world. They tend to make the coaches who work around them gentler and more pleasant people."

The five young ladies grouped around Gilbert in the photograph above made up the Striders' contingent in Canton. From left they are Diane Deegan, age 14, who runs middle distances; Beth Miller, 20, the shotputter who went to Frederick; Mary Devin, 16, a walker; Cindy Wright, 17, a quarter-miler; and Kim Sanders, 14, who runs the 880 and mile.

Kim and Cindy are two of the three original Striders still running. As for the others mentioned in Gilbert's 1967 article, one is working as a secretary in Pittsburgh, another got married last spring and yet another is raising her family now.

What made the Striders stride so far? "The desire to compete," says Gilbert. "It is common to all human beings, not just males. No matter what your talent, you become addicted to improving it, to seeing that the work you put into it results in something."

Right you are, coach. Now about camping . . .

Bill Gilbert

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J-19

Five minutes of uninterrupted good news from the editors of Newsweek...

The "House Call" Doctor.

For nearly a decade residents of the Maine logging town of Jackman have had to travel over 50 miles of winding, often snowy roads to reach the nearest doctor. But now, Jackman families have to look no further than Main Street when they need medical attention. The town's doctor is Joseph Vigliotti, a 28-year-old Harvard Medical School graduate who is a member of the new National Health Service Corps. Established in 1971, the Corps provides doctors, nurses and other health personnel to needy communities. Young physicians can choose the program as an alternative to military service, and within the last month sixteen NHSC teams have moved into rural areas and inner-city ghettos from Snow Shoe, Pa., to the South Bronx. Jackman-based Vigliotti and his wife hold office hours three times a week—and make house calls. "Some of the older people would have to travel long distances in the cold to come to the office," Dr. Vigliotti explains. "It's much easier for me."

Rebirth Of A Mississippi School.

When school desegregation was finally imposed on the Mississippi Delta town of Clarksdale two years ago, 2,500 white school children quickly fled to segregated private schools. The 4,500 children who remained in Clarksdale's public schools—four-fifths of them poor blacks and the rest poor whites—ranked in the bottom 10% on national academic norms. Paddings, fighting, venereal disease and hostility permeated the school. It was into this unpromising atmosphere that two unlikely new junior-high principals reported to work: 27-year-old Bernard Schein, a South Carolinian fresh out of Harvard, and 42-year-old Fielding Fry, an Episcopal minister with a doctorate in psychology from Columbia. Armed with enthusiasm and innovative ideas they have literally transformed the school. Schein introduced a free day once a week during which children were offered "learning projects" that ranged from "The Nature of Water" to "Making and Designing

Headbands." Soon, they turned completely to the "open classroom" approach. They junked the traditional schedule in favor of learning projects, discarded textbooks except for reference and replaced formal grades with detailed progress reports. The results have been better than Schein and Fry dared hope for. Seventh graders who had previously performed at a fourth grade level raised their achievement rate eight months in one semester. Eighth and ninth graders did even better—raising their grade level from 4.4 to 6.1. The atmosphere in the school has made a complete turnaround. Last year in the seventh grade, for example, 244 suspensions were meted out among the 295 pupils; this year only one suspension has been necessary.

Rebirth Of A River.

Pollution of London's famous Thames River began in the early 19th century, and by 1953 the river was no more than a vast open sewer unable to sustain aquatic life. Then the British embarked on an ambitious long-term program aimed at reversing the pollution. This year, less than twenty years after the program's inauguration, fish are so plentiful in the reclaimed river that the city held its first-ever cod-fishing contest near the Tilbury docks, 25 miles from the ocean mouth, and anglers pulled in hundreds of cod and flounder where five years ago not a fish was to be seen alive.

It Takes A Thief.

Store robberies have approached epidemic levels in recent years, and the 7-Eleven chain is particularly vulnerable; its 4,190 U.S. and Canadian stores operate late into the evening in quiet residential neighborhoods. In the latest fiscal year, the firm chalked up \$500,000 in hold-up losses and twelve store managers were killed by bandits. "I was ready to try anything," says Dick Cole, 7-Eleven's manager of the western stores division. Enter Project JOVE (for Job Placement, On-the-Job Training, Vocational Counseling and Education),

a San Diego group of ex-convicts who are using their years of criminal experience to teach store owners how to cope with thieves. "Nine out of ten robberies can be prevented," says JOVE Director Bob McKinney, a burly ex-con who spent two years in San Quentin. "The only problem is that store owners are so naive." Among McKinney's tips for store managers: improve lighting, make sure the cash register is visible from outside the store, never keep more than \$40 in the till and call the police if you see someone behaving suspiciously. To prove his organization's expertise, McKinney and his associates operated a 7-Eleven market in the San Diego ghetto for six months without a single holdup.

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Sometimes different is better.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

NOT SO GRAND MASTERS

The openings of classic chess matches are always of intense interest to followers of the game. Herewith, the early moves in the Fischer-Spassky encounter:

1. Fischer gains the initiative with a series of smashing victories in qualifying matches. Accompanying publicity clearly establishes him as the world's most famous chess player.
2. Fischer's bent for publicity, despite the grumpy image he projects, creates extraordinary interest in his forthcoming meeting with Spassky and attracts a prize of \$152,000, which is 10 times greater than anything these chess masters have competed for before.
3. Fischer pushes his advantage by demanding Belgrade as site of matches.
4. Spassky, countering at last, insists on Reykjavik.
5. A compromise (half the matches in Belgrade, half in Reykjavik) fails. Spassky recovers much lost ground when Reykjavik is picked.
6. Fischer tries a new gambit: the Long Island Sulk.
7. Spassky, overaggressive, reaches Reykjavik too soon.
8. Fischer feints brilliantly by making and canceling several flight reservations.
9. Fischer, playing confidently again, demands more prize money.
10. Spassky is in trouble: the matches are postponed to accommodate Fischer.
11. Fischer gains sensationally when British capitalist James Slater agrees to add \$125,000 to the pot.
12. Fischer, running out of time, has to fly to Reykjavik, thus losing the advantage of reluctance.
13. Spassky attacks strongly, demanding apologies from everyone in sight, especially Fischer.
14. Fischer apologizes, sort of.
15. Spassky, pressing his advantage, rejects the apology.
16. Fischer apologizes again, this time more abjectly.
17. Spassky makes careless move: he ar-

rives 12 minutes early for the drawing to decide who gets the white pawn.

18. Fischer regains the ascendancy by being 22 minutes late.

19. But Spassky gets lucky. Fischer draws the black pawn, giving Spassky the desired white.

It has been a complicated opening. The position to date is that the chess fan has been rocked.

ALLTIME GREATS

President Nixon's super alltime all-star baseball team has to be ranked with the super alltime all-star publicity ploys, even though some of the attention it got was not laudatory. Jackie Robinson, singled out by the President as the best all-round athlete of the era, described the selections as a political gesture ("I mean, how many games has Nixon actually seen?" asked Jack), and Columnist Red Smith jumped on Mr. Nixon's sportswriting style as cliché-ridden.

Then the Philadelphia Phils did a reverse twist on the selections. Not doing too well in the standings, the Phils tried to get their minds off their troubles by naming the alltime best President.

"Harry Truman!" said First Baseman Tom Hutton. "He'd be a scrapper. He'd do anything to win. Anyone who has lived that long has got to be tough."

"No," said Catcher Mike Ryan. "It's Nixon. I pick him because he's always being second-guessed, like a catcher."

"JFK," said Shortstop Larry Bowa, on image. "You hear people saying bad things about Nixon, but I never heard anyone say bad things about JFK."

"Zachary Taylor," said Second Baseman Denny Doyle. There is no scouting report on Taylor. Why Taylor? "Nobody else thought of him."

"Abraham Lincoln," said Pitcher Barry Lersch, "because he had long hair and a beard."

Hutton, perhaps after a look at the Phils' wan batting averages, came back with the most logical choice of all.

"Taft," he said. "What was he, 300 pounds? He could hit the long ball."

The selections could have gone on and on, but the Phils decided to stop wasting time and get back to something they knew about.

GONE FISHING

A cheerful note for anglers and conservationists: Atlantic salmon are coming back in Maine, and reports indicate they are flourishing in New Brunswick. Oldtimers, who have been disappointed the past five or six seasons, say fishing on the storied Miramichi will be the best in 15 years.

GLO GUS

Early (Gus) Wynn, who won 300 games in the major leagues, pitched his last one in 1963 and now, at 52, is managing the Minnesota Twins' Orlando farm team in the Florida State League.



Yet he wants one more turn on the mound in the majors. "If I can get into one more game," Wynn says, "I'll be the only human being ever to play big league ball in five different decades." He is one of a handful who have played in four decades; another is Ted Williams, who broke into the majors in 1939, the same year Wynn did.

The old pitcher has talked to Calvin Griffith of the Twins. "He tinkered with the idea, but he worried about taking a man off the roster to make room for

me." On the other hand, Griffith probably thought about the crowd, too. Wynn says, "I think a lot of people would come out to see an idiot in his 50s trying to pitch. But I'll tell you this. I wouldn't do it if I thought it would turn into a farce. I work out with my club and I know for one game I can whip myself into shape. And not just for one pitch. I'd like to start."

"There's a twist, too. I saw Williams at an oldtimers' game, and he said if Griffith lets me get away with this he plans to put himself in as a pinch-hitter for the Rangers." Maybe Gus could pitch to Ted?

The only real flaw, alas, is that Wynn would not be the first to play in live decades. Nick Altrock, who worked for years as a clowning coach for the Senators (his boss was Calvin Griffith's uncle, Clark Griffith), beat him to it. Altrock broke into the majors in 1898 and, after starring with the Chicago White Sox, was washed up by 1909. But, coaching for the Senators, he made brief appearances in 17 games, most of them late-season fun affairs, scattered from 1912 through 1933, the last when he was 57.

Admittedly, Altrock's record is a shakedown. And it would be nice to see Wynn's bready torso and no-nonsense face on the mound again. Bring him back, Calvin. Go get 'em, Gus.

PLACED SCENE

Denver's continuing trouble over the 1976 Winter Olympics may be coming to a head. A citizens' group opposed to the Games has petitioned to have a proposal put on the ballot in November that would prohibit the state of Colorado (though not counties or cities within the state) from appropriating funds or making loans for the purpose of putting on the Olympics. Governor John Love said, "I'd be very ashamed if the people of Colorado backed out on a deal. I don't think they will."

But they might. And if they do, it will mean the Denver Olympic Committee will have to scrounge around elsewhere for the money needed to stage the Games. Denver expects \$40 million in federal funds, including \$21.5 million for housing that will be converted after the Olympics into medium- and low-income units. "If the people vote against the Olympics," said one official,

"there is no way the federal money is going to come through. At least, not enough of it."

In the wings watching is Lake Placid, N.Y., which staged the 1932 Olympics and which seems increasingly willing to take on the 1976 renewal. Already, Lake Placid is poised to put on the bobbed and possibly the huge events, for which Denver does not expect to have facilities, and there is talk of installing a new speed-skating rink. Nothing serious, Denver. It's just that if you drop the ball, Lake Placid would kind of like to pick it up.

SELECTIVE RAINFALL

In most places where baseball is played, a rain check means you get a free pass to another game if the one you hoped to watch is rained out. In Houston's Astrodome, which has sprung a few leaks here and there, a rain check means you get a free pass to another seat if the one you're sitting in gets rained out.

OPPORTUNITY

Mickey Lolich of the Detroit Tigers wore a blue glove in the first inning of his recent victory over the Baltimore Orioles and a more traditional brown leather glove thereafter. Manager Billy Martin explained, "A sporting-goods guy told Mickey if he wore the blue glove the first inning he'd get a new set of golf clubs. I'd have done the same thing."

It was a *Game of the Week* telecast, which helps explain things. The precedent is interesting. Can't you see an alert, money-conscious base runner, well aware that the zoom lens is coming in as he steals second, turning to the camera and holding up a) a razor, b) aftershave lotion, c) a tube of toothpaste or d) a whole 'nother smoke?

ADVANTAGE: TENNIS

Women's tennis, with old lady Billie Jean King fighting off young upstarts like Evonne Goolagong and Chris Evert, seemed far more interesting at Wimbledon than the men's matches. However, male chauvinists can take heart in a report that the NBC telecast of the Ken Rosewall-Rod Laver final in the World Championship of Tennis back in May attracted 21.3 million watchers, the largest television audience in tennis history, topping both the 1971 telecast of Forest Hills and the 1970 coverage of Wim-

bledon. According to the poll, more people saw the Rosewall-Laver match than the finals of either the NBA championship or the Stanley Cup playoffs.

DEFENSIVE BIDDING

When television rights to the upcoming hockey series between Russia and Canada were put up for sale, MacLaren Advertising Company Ltd., which controls Canada's weekly "hockey night" from Montreal and Toronto, put in a bid of \$500,000. Everyone assumed MacLaren had a lock on the show. Then a second bid of \$750,000 popped up, this one the joint effort of Harold Ballard, president of Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, and a vigorous young organization called Bobby Orr Enterprises.

The new bid created quite a stir, what with Hockey Star Orr emerging as Business Tycoon Orr, particularly since a recent knee operation makes it unlikely that Orr will play against the Russians. MacLaren muttered something about raising its bid, but the Ballard-Orr steamroller let it be known that it was prepared to go to \$1 million, if necessary, and MacLaren decided to back off. It was probably just as well. Alan Eagleson, who among other things is secretary of Orr Enterprises and who represented the group in the negotiations, said, "I am prepared to put Bobby Orr's money where my mouth is."

THEY SAID IT

- Mrs. Laura Quilici, hearing that her son Frank had been named manager of the Minnesota Twins: "Oh, the poor kid. He's going to get an ulcer now."
- Ron Santo, Chicago Cub third baseman, after playing second base for the first time in the majors: "Now I know why second basemen limp so much."
- Jack McClure, former stock-car racer who has taken to drag racing, after hitting 190 mph in a rocket-powered go-cart: "During the run there is a panorama of feeling and sensation—luscious colors, feelings of weightlessness, a sense of everything being quiet and an overwhelming sense of accomplishment. And, oh yeah, it's freaky as hell."
- Calvin Hill, Dallas Cowboy running back: "In this business, you're old when you're 30. Hook at my friends who graduated with me from Yale and see what they're doing, and it makes me feel I'm wasting my time."

END

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

As the U.S. gathered its Olympic track and field forces in Eugene, Ore. the past two weeks, and as its might made itself felt, the whole became less the center of attention than one of its parts. Surely there is no need to lose sleep over a team that boasts two world-record-tying 100-meter sprinters; puts three men over 18 feet, one for a world record, in the vault; opens its shotput elimination with a field that includes the only three men ever to have surpassed 70 feet and then has a cigarette-puffing whackadoo actually *oust* one of them; and sends forth a miler to tie the world record for 800 meters. Plus other delights, such as bringing perhaps the world's eight best quarter-milers to their marks at the same time and place. The mind is benumbed. And then there is Jim Ryun (see cover).

Ryun, the 25-year-old two-time Olympian, plagued by hay fever, defeat and dreary miles of four minutes, or five or 10 it sometimes seemed, but refusing to quit, and thereby gaining as much respect for his courage (or obstinacy) as he ever did for his three world records. Ryun, bouncing pathetically from Kansas to Oregon to California and back to Kansas, ever questing for the answer. Ryun, winning one race, running a dismal next-to-last in his next, chasing victory, catching frustration. "I've put my faith in God," he said. "What will happen will be what He wants to happen." But there were many moments when it appeared He couldn't make up His mind.

When Ryun returned to Topeka earlier this year to train under his former coach Bob Timmons, it seemed he had at last found himself. But then the erratic performances began again, the worst a 4.19.2 mile in Los Angeles. "I was beside myself," said Timmons. "I was climbing walls."

In desperation he sought the help of Dr. William Simpson of the Menninger

From the lofty feats of the vaulters to the great thrusts of the shotputters, the U.S. Olympic track and field team appears just as impressive as ever

by PAT PUTNAM

Clinic, who told him to stop babying Ryun. When Ryun came home to Kansas, Timmons had said that he would work out a schedule for him, but if he didn't want to follow it, well, whatever he wanted to do would be fine.

"Wrong," said Dr. Simpson. "You were the boss before and if you aren't the boss now he'll think you no longer care. You've got to stop feeling sorry for him. You've got to go by your gut reaction. If he needs to be chewed out, chew."

Timmons believed. And he also made a technical training change: he took Ryun off hill work. "He's not a good hill runner," the coach said. "He didn't particularly like cross-country for that reason. He'd run the hills and he'd come back feeling as though he had a good workout, but he was not feeling right mentally. And that would affect his training all week. Every little thing was aimed at building his mental toughness, which was what he needed. When Jim was winning, he never thought about winning, he just did it. But when he started to lose, he began thinking about losing."

At the same time it was discovered that Ryun was allergic to a number of foods, including milk, which he had been drinking in great quantities. Now he is allowed only a splash on his cereal. "Who can eat dry dry cereal?" Ryun complained to Timmons. "We took him off so many foods," said Timmons, "the poor guy had almost nothing left."

Then the Olympics Trials began and it looked like Ryun might indeed end

up with nothing, he was eliminated in the 800 final. But he had run strongly, and was confident as he awaited the 1,500. "In the 800 I was worried about my hay fever," he said. "But I ran three fast races and it never bothered me. Now I feel the pressure is off."

And Timmons was hopeful. "I've seen a loss like that affect him both ways," he said. "Sometimes it makes him angry." He smiled. "That wouldn't hurt."

Whatever his mood, Ryun ran well enough to win his two 1,500 heats and gain a place in the final. He seemed unconcerned when the semifinals were three redrawn and the size of the final field increased from nine to 12. Well, 11. One of the added starters, Joe Savage, concluded he had been eliminated and had gone home.

And so last Saturday evening Jim Ryun stepped onto the other Pro Turf track at Oregon's Hayward Field, hooked his thumbs into his warmup pants and, in one fell swoop, started to take off pants, shorts and supporter. "I was a little nervous," he admitted later.

Then, as Olympic Coach Bill Bowerman said, "Everybody else ran a race made to order for Ryun and he was smart enough to take advantage of it."

What they ran, with Ryun floating along serenely in the middle or at the back of the pack, was a slow 62.1 first quarter and a slower 2-05.4 half. This made it possible for Ryun to turn on a blistering 51.5 last quarter and blow them right off the track. He won in 3:46.5—the equivalent of a 3.59.2 mile.

"Can you believe that?" said Marty Liquori, who missed the 1,500 trials because of an injury. "We're sending two guys to Munich who didn't even break

continued

Up go Bob Seagren, who set a world mark, and the arms of 280-meter Chuck Smith (left) and 400-hurdles champ Ralph Mann.





four minutes." The two were Dave Wottle, who finished second in 3:42.3, and Bob Wheeler of Duke (3:42.4).

Later, Ryun admitted he had been pleased by the slowness of the early pace but not surprised by it. "I didn't really know what it was. The one thing I thought of was: stay in contact. I just started up with 330 to go and took the lead with 220. I don't know what happened the last 20 yards, but I was anxious to see that tape. There have been a lot of skeptics who have been thinking I couldn't do it. Before the race, Timmy said he knew I could do it and to just think that. If you have a positive attitude, you know what you have to do and you do it." Ryun had it at last.

As one armed with more than a modicum of positive thinking, Bob Seagren, the handsome 25-year-old gold-medal winner at Mexico City, watched as two younger rivals, Jan Johnson and Steve Smith, made the team with vaults of 18' $\frac{5}{8}$ ", and then he ordered the crossbar raised to a world-record 18' $\frac{5}{8}$ ". No thanks, said Johnson. "I made the team and anything else now is meaningless," said Smith airily. "I don't care how high Seagren goes. I don't want to injure myself. When I get to Munich, I'll worry about going higher."

Seagren, who says he is going to star in a movie about a guy who gets his kicks blowing up pay toilets, got the world record on his third attempt. He may learn that this was a whole lot easier than making the movie, in which he will do all his own stunts, such as jumping off a church steeple and escaping from jail on a skate board.

John Smith and Wayne Collett were concerned with more mundane things as they tried to force down dinner the night before the 400-meter final. Smith, the world-record holder in the 440, stared into space as he ran the race again and again in his mind. "On your marks . . . set . . . pow!" he said to no one.

"You know," said Collett, studying a wine list, "there is a shop in L.A. that has a bottle of 1961 Lafite-Rothschild in the window for \$72. It's been there for two years."

"What? Wine?" said Smith. "Stop talking about wine. We were just at the

330 mark. And burning. I'm not nervous. I'm scared. Hey, Wayne, you're cool. How do you warm up? You know, I can't even remember."

Collett laughed. "Yeah, I'm cool. I dropped a dollar on the floor today and didn't even know it. I wish it was over. Everybody is asking me if I'm going to Munich. Well, tomorrow at least I'll be able to say 'yes' or 'no.' Did you say something, John?"

"I tried, but I opened my mouth and nothing came out. The words won't carry across the table. They keep falling in my water glass."

"Eat," said Collett, not eating. "I wish it was all over. John, are you listening?"

"Huh?" said Smith. "Oh, Lord, Wayne, we just ran an eight-man dead heat."

When they finally got around to running the race for real, it was over for Collett in 44.1, the third-fastest 400 ever, with Smith just 2/10ths back, followed by Olympic veterans Vince Matthews (44.9) and Lee Evans (45.1). For Fred Newhouse the 400 was over at 200 meters, which he blazed in 20.3, a tenth under Chuck Smith's winning time in the 200 race.

Except for the insistence of his wife Diane, Matthews, who ran a relay leg at Mexico City, would be in New York working for the Neighborhood Youth Corps. He retired after the Olympics, but when he ballooned from 179 pounds to 200, Diane talked him into jogging. He lost weight and his competitive interest was rekindled.

"When I came home from Mexico I was disenchanted with the Olympics," Matthews said. "It was a lot of politics. I was one of the black berets and I never regretted what we did. I just regretted the way people took it. As I remember, other countries had little things going on, too. The tension between Czechoslovakia and Russia, for instance. But the situation with the black athletes got all the headlines. It was a mind blower. I can't think of one black who came back saying the Olympics had done something for him. Look at Bob Beamon. He was super super. But today he's nothing. If a half-miler or miler had done something comparable, he'd probably be a vice-president of some big company by now. Well, at least I'm not fat anymore."

The giants of the distance races were

Steve Prefontaine, who won the 5,000 in an American record 13:22.8, and Frank Shorter, who took the 10,000 in 28:35.6 and ignored an infected foot to finish in a first-place tie (2:15:57.8) with Kenny Moore in the marathon.

A communications major at the University of Oregon, Prefontaine spent the days before his race trying to figure out how ABC-TV was covering the trials. He finally decided it wasn't. "If ABC doesn't even have enough interest to put cameras out to cover the decathlon [won by Jeff Bannister with 8,120 points] what kind of a job will it do at Munich? And if they do it like they covered the NC2As, wow!"

Tired of watching TV, the outspoken Pre spent the first three days of last week in seclusion at a Catholic youth camp on the McKenzie River 30 miles from Eugene. "It was great until a forest ranger backed into my car," he said. "But I got my mind off the race. Now I'm back to running it in my mind, and to thinking about George Young. But, heck, I'm ready to run an American record. All I have to do is keep my cool and make them run my race."

Keep his cool Pre did, although it was not until the last two laps that he could shake Young, the 34-year-old veteran of three Olympics. By then they had killed off the rest of the field. Prefontaine finished with the record, seven seconds under the previous one, which he set in April. Young finished 80 yards up the track in 13:29.4, a personal best.

Later Prefontaine was handed a stop pre T shirt. His relatives wear go pre T shirts to all his races. "Hey, that's cool," said the communications man. "I think I'll wear it."

For Shorter, who goes to the University of Florida law school, there was never any chance that a little thing like an infected foot would keep him out of the marathon, which he considers his strongest event. A doctor told him to forget the race; Shorter said give me some antibiotics and forget it. And he ran, but he didn't punish himself.

"We were about five miles on the way and I told Kenny my foot hurt and I felt stiff. Kenny said his hamstring was bothering him. And so we decided we had better not kill each other off. You just don't want to in this one. There are only two months until the next one and that's a short time between marathons. We ran an even pace, just 5:01 miles,

continued

All out go Frank Shorter, who doubled in the 10,000 and marathon, shotpuffer Brian Oldfield and Steve Prefontaine's grandparents.

and with a half mile to go we decided we'd jog in. It was a nice run."

Meanwhile, a pair of old Olympic heroes were falling by the wayside: world-record-holder Randy Matson, 27, in the shot, and hammer thrower Hal Connolly, who will be 41 next month.

In effect, Matson was eliminated by one Brian Oldfield, of whom the world should not be surprised that there is only one. Oldfield, who teaches at the Illinois State Training School for Boys in St. Charles, goes 275 pounds and reportedly can high jump 6' 5", his height. He competes in flowered Speedo swim trunks and a fishnet jersey with deep decolletage. He warms up by getting off 60' puts over his head and sidearm. Between puts he reclines full length, smoking a cigarette. Says Oldfield: "I like apple pie and all that but I don't know about the all-American boy."

"It's strange," said George Woods, who topped Al Feuerbach and Oldfield with a toss of 70' 1 1/4". "All year you aim at the big man, Matson, and then he has a bad day. That's all it was. It was disconcerting."

Connolly said there was nothing strange about what happened to him. "They are too young for me. But how can you be disappointed when you have been to four Olympics and they've never gone. I'll still compete, but strictly for fun. To try for the Olympics in 1976 I'd need a pair of 16-year-old knees."

"I hate to see Hal go," said George Frenn, who finished third in the hammer behind Tom Gage and Al Schoterman. "It's the end of an era. It's a sad thing to see."

Equally sad was the fate of Howell Mitchell who finished fifth in the 1,500-meter final. "The time was ridiculous," he said. "It wouldn't even be good for a conference meet. But look at the people who took the lead. Willie Endman was hurt [bushwhacked by a bicyclist on the way to the track] but he took it as long as he could. Then the rest were too nervous or too scared to take it. And so I, a kicker, was stuck with it. Hell!"

"Well," said a reporter, "aren't you happy for Jim Ryan?"

Michael glared at him. "Not particularly. This is dog eat dog. It only happens once every four years. Jim Ryan was a stud, but we don't know whether he is the same Jim Ryan we knew in 1967."

The answer will come at Munich.

THE GIRLS ARE OFF AND WINGING, TOO

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Meanwhile, in the quaint setting of Governor Thomas Johnson High School in Frederick, Md., the 30-old woman Olympic track and field team was being sorted out, with a bit too much help from The Man Upstairs.

According to the cliché that got the heaviest workout at the trials, the girls were "just trying to make the team," which meant, in most cases, placing among the top three in an event. Still, it was hard to imagine the likes of Mrs. Madeline Manning Jackson or Kathy Hammond settling for other than total victory. Jackson's specialty is the 800-meter run, an event she won in world-record time in the 1968 Olympics, but now she was attempting the 400, too. This spelled trouble. On the U.S. track scene, anyway, that distance has come to be very much Kathy Hammond's province.

Before this clash could take place, Jackson first had to tend briefly to the 800. A 24-year-old Baptist minister's stepdaughter with ambitions of becoming a gospel singer, she had journeyed from her home in Columbus, Ohio to run, as she unblinkingly stated, "to glorify God and show His power." Since winning her gold medal in Mexico, the former Madeline Manning (a scoreboard at one recent meet abbreviated her name, unwittingly, to MAD MAN JACKSON) has married, become a mother, split with her husband and, she believes, become faster than ever. Her religious fervor is only part of the explanation. "I feel a lot stronger now," she said as her 22-month-old son John scampered around a motel lobby. "I honestly believe that having a baby has given me strength."

Stronger or no, her long-sirring style on the track is so smooth and languid that when the gun sounded for the 800 she seemed to be running only slightly faster than her little boy had in the lobby. A slender 5' 9" with a Nefertiti-like tilt to her braided head, she loped into a quick and enduring lead, kicking home in a comfortable 2:05.2.

Jackson was under no illusions that she would prevail as easily in the 400. She had been a quarter-mile before moving up in distance, but she had lost to Kathy Hammond in a 400 in California

last month, being nipped at the wire after making up a 12-yard deficit.

"That race gave us both something to think about," Jackson said, and Hammond's thoughts in Frederick concerned the need to start even faster than before to nullify her rival's stronger finish. The morning of the race the 20-year-old Sacramento coed found out that she had drawn an outside lane, which meant that, because of the stagger, she would be running without seeing her principal competitors. Tears flowed. Then Hammond learned that Jackson would be in the first lane, where the turns are sharp and tricky. The tears stopped.

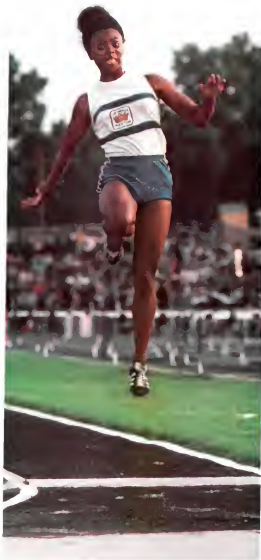
At the gun that night Hammond rushed into a huge lead that nobody, not even Jackson, was going to erase. Utterly alone in the stretch, knees lifting like a majorette's, she won in 51.8, breaking her own American record by three-tenths of a second. Struggling, Jackson failed even to qualify, finishing fourth.

As Hammond mounted the victory stand her coach, Steve Lehnhardt, snapped away with his Instamatic. Lehnhardt is also Kathy's ex-fiancé, and both agreed that their relationship had improved since they broke their engagement. "Before, when he'd tell me to do something, I'd talk back," she said. "Now I do what he says."

Jackson and Hammond shared the spotlight with others, among them Barbara Ferrell, a '68 silver medalist in the 100 who made the team in the 100 and 200, and Patty Johnson, winner of the 100-meter hurdles with an American record of 12.9. Though not deep, the team may have more potential medalists than in '68. The U.S. remains weakest in the field events, and it was partly for that reason that two venerable athletes, Willye White and Olga Fikotova Connolly, each qualified for her fifth Olympics.

White, a 32-year-old long-jumper, leaped 20' 1 1/4", a quarter inch behind archival Martha Watson. Mrs. Connolly, a 39-year-old mother of four, is eligible to go to Munich but not, alas, him-

Marta Watson, 25, of the Los Angeles Track Club, who finished fifth in the Mexico City Olympics, leaps 20' 1 1/4" to win long jump.



mer-throwing husband Hal, who failed to qualify for his fifth Games. Improving with age, she broke the American discus record earlier this year with a 185' 3" throw (far off the world mark of 214' 10") but, weakened by flu, made do in Frederick with 170' 4". The outspoken Olga, a gold medalist for Czechoslovakia in 1956, seemed less eager than usual to twit the Establishment. "I don't care if the discus ring here is made up of packed cow dung," she said with a radiant smile. "I'll say it's beautiful."

It developed that the discus ring was practically the only thing about the trials site that did not come in for criticism from the women and their coaches, few of whom seemed to care that the cyclone-fenced, 4,000-seat facility had been good enough for Governor Thomas Johnson High's football team, which was No. 1 in the state last year. The USOC awarded the trials to the Frederick Jaycees, who promised in return "Southern charm and Yankee ingenuity." The charm was delivered along with plenty of roast beef and homemade buns. As for the ingenuity, it came into play when officials found themselves countering charges that the track was too hard and the lanes too narrow.

Speaking for the defense, Dr. Nell Jackson, the women's Olympic coach, observed incontrovertibly that "everybody runs on the same track." Nonetheless, Madeline Jackson said before the meet, "I intend to get out in front where you can't get hurt." Following her success in doing just that in the 800 and her failure to do so in the 400, it remained for diminutive Francie Larrieu of the San Jose Cindergals, running in the 1,500, to show what getting out in front really means. Larrieu was as caught up in matters spiritual as Mad Man Jackson herself. Cheerfully labeling herself a Jesus freak, she declared, "I believe it's the Lord's will for me to do well," then up and broke her own American record with a 4:10.4.

Larrieu led, most of the way, finishing 20 yards ahead of Mrs. Francie Kracker Johnson, with Doris Brown, hobbled by tendinitis in her left leg, getting third. Brown is also deeply religious, with what she calls a "fundamental background," but her role as queen of American distance runners may be passing to Larrieu. "That's one trouble with God," Brown said, packing her ailing leg with ice. "He's helping too many of us." **END**

A BEDSTEAD BEATS THE OCEAN

It is hard to hide a 67-foot trimaran, but just when the sailing world was set to lead one Frenchman in a giant schooner, in snuck another to provide an astonishing finish to the Trans-Atlantic race by HUGH D. WHALL



Four search planes flew out of Newport, R.I. on Friday the 7th to scan the ocean for the leader of the single-handed Trans-Atlantic yacht race from England and, as expected, they sighted the biggest boat of all—*Vendred 13*, Friday the 13th to the unsuperstitious. Manned by a 27-year-old Frenchman, Jean-Yves Turlain, she was skimming along near Nantucket like a huge seabird. By radio, Turlain estimated that he would cross the finish line off Brenton Reef at 9 p.m. No other sail was in sight.

But out of the dusk that evening came a tiger of a trimaran called *Pen Duick IV*. Word spread quickly to the Port O'Call Marina in Newport, where a flock of greeners awaited *Vendred 13*, the \$250,000 beauty owned by Film Director Claude Lelouch of *A Man And A Woman* fame. A cocktail party for race officials broke up in an astonished hubbub, and newsmen from around the world gathered on the dock. A crushed Dick Carter, *Vendred*'s American designer, who had arrived in Newport only minutes before the news came, tried to wipe a look of disbelief from his face. Alas, the wind had died on *Vendred*.

Suddenly the surprise winner glided into view, more a creature than a boat, a 67-foot insect, an unpainted aluminum bedstead turned feet up, reflecting the intense TV lights ashore. She looked remarkably tidy for a vessel that had traveled so far so fast—3,000 miles from Plymouth in 20 days, 12 hours, breaking the previous record by five full days.

The spectators rocked the dock as they applauded *Pen Duick*'s jubilant 28-year-old skipper, Alain Colas. Police sirens and boat horns shrieked their salutes to the Frenchman who, merely to get to the start of the singlehander, had sailed 9,600 miles from Réunion in the Indian Ocean in 64 days.

Now he had won the race itself. Tessa Krense, a comely friend of Colas' from Tahiti, stepped lightly aboard to

Winner Colas on port poston of "Pen Duick" shepherds his gawky craft to Newport pier.

embrace him, followed by Colas' brother, Jean-François. The mayor of Newport presented a bottle of champagne—tut, California champagne—to Alain, whereupon Jean-François riposted with a magnum of Tattinger that he had stored aboard. "I hope," Colas said to the mayor, "that now you will have some French champagne."

The atmosphere was one of true admiration for the slightly built Colas, a sometime professor of languages. What a marvel to be able to handle that huge, 35-foot-wide machine with one pair of hands, let alone beat *Vendredil 13*. The next afternoon, that 128-foot, three-masted schooner—the most unconventional racing boat and certainly the biggest singlehanded ever built—came flying in under full sail. She made a stirring sight coming up out of the sun with every stitch set. When *Vendredil* docked she took one's breath away. Picture the biggest sailboat imaginable, double that, and you still fall short of the reality. From stern to stern over her remarkably clean deck she just went on and on.

It had been a close and grueling duel for the lieutenants. They were, as Colas told Carter, "clearly superior, these two." Both skippers chose the most direct route across the Atlantic. On Colas' part this was a particularly smart move. Multihulls do not go really well to windward. The southern trade winds promised tempting reaching weather, but, as things turned out, *Pen Duick* fairly whistled into the winds she encountered to the north and thus saved herself a costly detour.

Amazingly, halfway across the Atlantic the two boats met. "There, two miles ahead, was a big sailing boat with three masts," Colas reported in his diary for the London *Observer*, sponsor of the race. "I screamed. I just screamed." After nearly a day's hard windward work in light air, he courteously passed *Vendredil* to leeward. Colas thought it would have been unseemly to cross her bows. Then the boats separated, never to close again until the final hours of excitement off Newport.

Besides her listlessness in anything less than a breeze, *Vendredil* may have suffered from another difficulty. According to friends, Terlain tends to be a dreamer. "He is not a good competitive sailor," said one. "When he races he watches the birds, the sky, the sea. You say, 'Look . . . that sail. It is trimmed all

right?' 'Oh, yes,' he replies. Over 3,000 miles watching birds can be expensive."

Terlain, however, believes he lost the race in the final day or two only because he sailed into calms. On his best, breezy day he had reeled off 225 miles; now he found himself fighting for every inch under light canvas.

Landlubbers are forever asking single-handers what they do at night. Easy. They have a self-steering device, analogous to an aircraft automatic pilot. They hand the boat to the self-steerer, bunk in and hope they do not hit a whale, a freighter or an iceberg.

Colas' self-steerer gave him his worst moments of the voyage when he was four days out and in heavy weather. "I had to go into the water and it was intensely cold," Colas told *The Observer*. "It was blowing Force 8 and the waves were about 12 feet high." His repairs permitted him to continue, but with extreme caution whenever the wind picked up.

Vendredil may be 61 feet longer than the winner, but the three sails she set were so ingeniously rigged by Designer Carter that Terlain could winch them up and down with relative ease. In fact, he could do most all his work from the cockpit; his sail-controls led there.

By comparison with *Vendredil*, the ketch-rigged *Pen Duick* was tricky. She has more sails to play with, more sheets

to trim, a centerboard to raise and lower and a deck that looks like an obstacle course. Although he permitted himself only 3½ hours sleep the last three days—and came in to Rhode Island Sound flying a huge spinnaker to catch the vagrant sighs of wind—Colas still managed handily. "I know the wind will not come to me," he said. "It is up to me to get to the wind."

Fifty-four boats from 10 countries, including Czechoslovakia and Poland, had answered the starting gun off Plymouth on June 17, the smallest craft only 19 feet from bow to transom. One of the early casualties was Sir Francis Chichester, winner of the first singlehanded Trans-Atlantic in 1960, when only five sailors competed. Sailing the 39-foot *Gipsy Moth III*, he had taken 40 days to cross—almost twice as long as *Pen Duick*. Though 70 and ailing from anemias, he insisted on entering this year. A few days out, however, the gallant old sea dog radioed to a Royal Air Force plane: "I am weak and cold." But to the liner *France II* he revealed his still-flaming spirit. When the captain offered to take him aboard he testily replied, "Thank you, but please go away." He finally did accept succor from French hands.

Too bad for Sir Francis, but times have changed. What he really needed was a 67-foot trimaran, or at least a 128-foot schooner. **END**



"Vendredil 13" had bad luck. What she needed was hydro power. For that turn the page.



... AND BOMBERS HIT THE RIVER

In one of the most unexpected upsets—and thrilling races—unlimited hydroplanes have known, a man who had never won before seized the President's Cup on the Potomac from the sport's last hero

by MARK KRAM

Sunday on the Potomac. The thought of it seems to travel with a picture of a tranquil glade, a promise of stillness. A place where you can lie back on a blanket and ponder the birth of a nation, try to imagine old Tom Jefferson over there in his study dipping his quill pen. Ah, the Potomac: a river of the gods. Long ago, that is. For the Potomac today is a nastier place, a place where you can be poisoned, perturbed and—this since 1926—have your meatus acusticus externus and your ductus cochlearis torn apart.

These are parts of the ear, and last Sunday on the banks of the Potomac they were assaulted once more as 53,000 persons audited the 41st annual President's Cup unlimited hydroplane race. In a way it was an unusual race as far as hydroplanes are concerned; nobody got killed. It was even more unusual for other reasons. Bill Muncy, the overwhelming favorite, did not win, and it was perhaps the best and most dramatic race in the history of the sport.

It became that when Bill Sterett Jr., driving a boat called *Pride of Pay 'N Pok*, tore into a six-lap final-heat thriller with Muncy, who was at the wheel of *Atlas Van Lines*. They had come out of the preliminary heats dead even, and as they roosterailed upstream and down, sometimes side by side, one wondered how Cal Coolidge, for whom the cup was named, could have taken a fancy to the sport. The Silent One abhorred noise, even the sound of his own voice. It was a stubborn riddle that would not dissolve as Muncy and Sterett turned loose their enormous, bellowing hogs on the rain-swollen river.

Nobody had given Sterett much of a chance. He was a substitute driver who had never won a race. He replaced Bill Schumacher, the ace who had quit a few days earlier, deriding the boat and damning the river as a harbor of debris. Like, say, a refrigerator that once floated down to a point smack in the middle of the course. "Call it the river you can walk across," said Schumacher. There was also one other hard fact not

in the substitute's favor: Bill Muncy and the thunder under him.

No matter how you cut it, no matter how repellent his ego is to some, Muncy is hydroplane racing, this year more than ever. No one had been able to come close to him this season, even though he and the *Atlas* had suffered a disappointing campaign last year. "We just couldn't seem to come up with the right combination of equipment for him then," said one of his aides, dwelling on things like proper spark plugs, gearboxes, propeller sizes. "It's all machinery," he said. "That's what this sport is about. Add Muncy to the right machinery, and you're almost unbeatable."

Going into this President's Cup—second in hydroplane prestige only to the Gold Cup—Muncy was after his fifth straight victory and his sixth on the Potomac. He is the last of the big name drivers, so many of whom have been killed off—three in a President's Cup race one grisly year.

None of this seems to bother Muncy, but his career does not enthrall his wife. "He can quit anytime," she says. "I'm ready, that's for sure." Says Muncy: "I guess I stay on because it's an ego trip for me now. I need it. The money surely isn't worth the risk, and there must be a hundred easier ways to gain fame."

The wave you cannot avoid, the sudden mechanical failure that can blow you to the sky, the memories of friends ripped apart internally and not a scratch on them—all of this moves through his mind. "I have a low pain level, a low fear level," he says. Twice he has been blown out of a boat, "but I can't even tell you what it felt like." No longer young—he's 43—and never a thrill freak or a roughneck on the course, Muncy drives mostly with his head now as he gets on toward the 20th year of a dazzling career.

So it figured that with the *Atlas* un-

der ham—plus his complete grasp of what he does—Muncy could play the flute or clarinet in the cockpit (he has sat in with the Gene Krupa band and the Seattle Symphony) and still obliterate the kid Sterett, leave him so far back that he would have his hands full just trying to fight the massive wash from the *Atlas*. Anyway, that was the talk among

Winner Bill Sterett Jr. bounces a few debris off the *Griffin* on the way to victory.



the more informed on the Potomac banks as the afternoon wore away, helped along by Guy Lombardo—good old Guy, once a hydroplane owner himself, climbing up on the bandstand and directing his way through, yeah, you guessed it, *Asid Long Syne*. Moved, the announcer then delivered a verse about a grocer: "My, how his business prospered/Folks were always in his store/For he'd give an honest measure/Then he'd add just a little bit more."

The message of the verse was as elusive as the lead in the final heat for the cup. Sterett and Muncey went into it with 800 points apiece. They battled on each other's hip for the first three laps,

with neither boat gaining a substantial advantage. Then Sterett seemed to fall behind for a lap. But he quickly moved back up alongside Muncey on the fifth lap, and they stayed that way until the first turn on the sixth, when Sterett drew ahead. Then Muncey and the *Atlas* ran into traffic in the form of a boat named *Pizza Pete*. Sterett seized the moment and gunned into the lead to stay, flashing across the finish line just $3\frac{1}{2}$ seconds ahead. Sterett's fastest heat of 109.090 mph came near the 1962 record of 109.157 clocked by Muncey. The entire race, and especially the finish, left the crowd buzzing and hydroplane officials ecstatic.

"It's the best race I've ever seen in 25 years of watching," said O. H. Frisbie, president of the company that sponsors the Muncey team.

"Hey, boys," an official shouted to the press. "Great balls of fire! You'll never overwrite this one."

The officials had a right to be jubilant. A race such as this gives them something to talk about, like back in the grand old days when the only time you ever saw a hydro was in the newsreels, and there were good old Guy and Horace Dodge, with ascots around their necks, waving jauntily to the cameras.

Why, maybe even Calvin Coolidge, too. **END**





SALUTES FOR A CORPORAL AND A KING

The U.S. pulls off a double in the singles as Stan Smith and Billie Jean King take the men's and women's championships in a dazzling show at Wimbledon by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

This was Wimbledon's forsaken year, devoid of the best men and besmirched by women dressed in, ugh, colors. But a messenger better suited up anyway to spread the word that the crowds were huge, the strawberries heroic and that a king and a corporal emerged victorious. This result was especially quaint because both winners were from a place that had been deprived of joint men's and women's All-England Championships for 17 years. Get this straight now, messenger. Tell everyone the place is America and that an international tennis war is back.

The fact that Spec/4 Stan Smith of Sea Pines, S.C. took advantage of the absence of all the banned pros, including defending champion John Newcombe, and that Billie Jean King of Long Beach, Calif. and the women's liberation brigade was forced to shatter the dreams of two magical princesses, and the fact that both were very nearly expected to win (Smith was seeded No. 1, King No. 2)—all of this in no way detracted from their achievements or wounded the immense satisfaction they gained from the deed.

After all, Wimbledon is Wimbledon—"even if they threw out everybody and seeded two monkeys onto center court," as one competitor suggested last week. Smith and King dominated their respective fields, became the first Americans to win together since Tony Trabert and Louise Brough in 1955 and handled the sticky matters of "hollow victory" and "upsetting applecarts" with dispatch.

"You don't try to lose just because all the best players aren't here," said Smith early on. "The subject isn't even worth my time. This is still the greatest

tournament in the world, and the pros know it. For me, this championship would be the pinnacle."

In like manner, Billie Jean discarded the suggestion that a Chris Evert victory would be "for the good of the game."

"A better question is, would it be good for her?" said King. "I'm just starting to get the appreciation I deserved four years ago. I've waited a whole 360 days to make up for my last Wimbledon. I'm not about to lie down and lose for a storybook."

No apologies would be in order even if Smith and King had defeated a contingent of orangutans. On Smith's part, he was the one man in this year's draw who had reached a Wimbledon final during the previous four seasons of open competition. That was last year when he was beaten by Newcombe.

This time the tall soldier waded through a couple of rounds before spectators could find him. Such was the scheduling that most of the time Smith was laboring on Court 11, "out in the country" as the players call the lawns furthest from the main promenade.

"No, 11 is nice, but I wouldn't want to make a living there," Smith said one day. "If somebody can show me the way to center court I'll be all right."

Having experienced a bad string of matches on clay in Europe, Smith was slow adjusting to Wimbledon. He was tentative, unable to serve his boomers or hit returns adequately. But his road to the final was smoothly paved with nobodies, and he had traveled it before. As Smith pointed out with respect to his final opponent, the Nastase of Rumania, "If I have to, I can always go to my guts to beat this guy."

The reduced standard of the men's singles made for, potentially, an adventurous journey through the draw since five of the seeds were continental clay experts who were undisguished on grass, while several unseeded play-

ers could have surprised. Unfortunately, the only excitement on the men's side was provided by the mercurial Nastase and a 19-year-old UCLA dropout named Jimmy Connors.

Connors, with his double-fisted backhand in tow and his coaching mother, Gloria, shouting encouragement, upset South Africa's Bob Hewitt in the opening round and marched ever forward until the quarterfinals where he would have needed a three-fisted backhand to avoid a straight-set tennis lesson from Nastase. After his forceful win, the ebullient Rumanian hesitantly entered the press room.

"Ah, boys, you have meeting here" he inquired. "Ah. You want talk me. Remember, boys, I am shy one. You take it easy me."

On the court Nastase is anything but timid. He is affre, alternately flamboyant, sulking, assured and reckless. He is the most entertaining tennis player alive. Up until the Wimbledon fortnight, however, "Nasty" was known basically for his technique on slow surfaces.

Nastase came to the finish through some difficult and emotional pairings, beating his old sparring mate Clark Graebner, as well as Tom Gorman and Manuel Orantes. Still, his record against Smith in the big games was inconsistent. Nastase's finest moment on grass was a victory over Smith at Forest Hills in 1969, but he could also remember how Smith had beaten him in the Davis Cup finals last year.

"I never think to pass as many rounds, but this is one of my best concentration times," Nastase said. "I not scare anymore. I hit like in practice, hard all time. I know this my last chance to win Wimbledon—honest. This my life match. I wish very bad to beat Stan Smrt." And he nearly got his wish.

The final match was postponed a day because of heavy rains, a delay that hardly bothered Smith (he had waited for

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TRIGGS

In action the winners were flying high, Smith with a volley, King with a backhand, while afterward there was nothing but big smiles.

three wet days and nights to win Forest Hills last summer). Nastase visited a horror movie Saturday night to keep his mind on the American, whom he sometimes refers to as Godzilla.

In the past he has been susceptible to scrambled nerves, but this time the Rumanian rose to almost mystical heights as he and Smith made Wimbledon's first Sabbath final well worth the delay.

Early in the fray Nastase seized the lead, even as he slapped his racket gut, bellowed at some private demons and made wild gestures to his Italian mentor, Michele Brunetti, for help.

He won the first set 6-4, then lost the next two and won the fourth. He entered the deciding set fully loose, hitting out and in full cry. In the fifth game of the last set Smith, playing the steadier tennis of the two, went to 40-love but then filtered and had to play 17 more points before holding service with a soft drop that died on the chalk.

The set went on to 3-3 and 4-4 with both men engaging in some fine acrobatics. Smith recovered from love-30 in the ninth game to hold service with a backhand volley that caused Nastase to bury his face in his hands. Then the Rumanian, chasing everywhere to retrieve Smith's best shots, staved off two match points to tie again at five games apiece.

Smith served and won 6-5. Nastase went to 40-love on his serve, and it looked as if they might go on playing until all of Wimbledon's hydrangeas turned brown. But suddenly Smith flashed three sharp winning returns around a Nastase double fault, and it was match point again. The Rumanian saved that one but, moments later, on the brink again, he hit an easy backhand overhead into the net. It was over, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3, 4-6, 7-5, a crushing way to lose, an exhilarating way to win.

Momentarily stunned, hardly realizing that Wimbledon was his, Smith just stared. Then he hurled his racket high into the sky, knowing that when it landed the day belonged to him.

It took the drummers of the final match to give the men any day at this year's Wimbledon. Indeed, they never really overcame the interest generated by a 17-year-old girl named Chris.

Chris Evert arrived at Wimbledon with her mother, an aunt and uncle, her parish priest, her school principal, her dress designer, her dress designer's husband and more pretty little pastel hair rib-

bons than Doris Day could dream of. Chris was prim, proper and perfect for Wimbledon. A Floridian, she found London itself "so green, so old and lovely—it's nice not to be hot all the time." During the early days of her trip she led the U.S. Wightman Cup team to victory and won the women's championship at Queens Club, thus establishing her tennis credentials for the knowing British fans. She shopped the boutiques on The Kings Road and Piccadilly, and in the evenings went out to roast-beef dinners and gambling clubs as well as a discotheque or two with Connors.

The British press, always prone to exaggeration, not to mention hysteria, went absolutely daffy when they heard about that SET FOR A LOVE MATCH screamed one headline. Reporters interrupted the two at dinner one night, inquiring if it were true that they actually were engaged, or about to elope, or if Connors had, gasp, kissed the girl yet. "That's stupid," was Jimmy's nonanswer.

With each day that she would ride out from Mayfair in the chauffeured autos, roll around the roundabouts, then down Church Road and through the gates at Wimbledon, Chris Evert's feeling for the place increased. "When I dreamed of this," she said, "it was an enormous thing with, geez, all these people and a hush and me real nervous. But now that I'm here the people are just like me. Geez, Wimbledon is so realistic."

On the way to her semifinal rendezvous with Evonne Goolagong, the 20-year-old defending champion from Australia, Chris played against and defeated only girls from America. Meanwhile Goolagong, her delightful butterscotch face constantly twinkling, was having some international troubles. Uninspired, she almost lost twice. Russia's Olga Morozova had her down 5-3 in the third set and was serving for the match before Evonne prevailed, much to the chagrin of 27 Soviet coaches seated at courtside. Then France's Françoise Durr frightened the curly haired titlist by serving for both sets at 6-5 and 5-2. But Evonne survived to win.

So it was that on the Fourth of July ("Do they celebrate that over here?" Chris asked) the two girls got down to last-minute preparations for the semifinal clash that had been so long awaited from the outback to Fort Lauderdale's sand.

"I'm going to attack her forehand, try to play steady and let her make the errors," Chris said over strawberries on the eve of the confrontation. After Evonne returned to the club from shopping for a gown to wear at the Wimbledon ball, she revealed her own doubts.

"Chris is more consistent. It's no good playing her up and down the baseline. She's like a brick wall." Her coach, Vic Edwards, instructed Evonne to get to the net and hit short to the Evert backhand.

As the nooks and crannies of center court overflowed with spectators and thousands more massed outside to watch the electronic scoreboard, the girls waited to go on. Chris paced and smacked her chewing gum while Evonne sat across the locker room with her eyes shut tight for a full 20 minutes. Just as the girls walked out beneath the Royal Box, Chris inquired of her rival, "Wait, geez, how do you curtsy?"

"Just a bit of a bob," said the Australian.

The girls made an adorable mess of the curtsy (Evonne rushed, Chris hopped), but that was forgiven, and for the rest of the afternoon they put on a rare display of elegance and courage. The contrasting styles, the very tableau of the match, had already been compared to oaks-willows, poodles-panthers, and countless other combinations of animal, vegetable and mineral. Suffice it to say that the Evert-Goolagong confrontation drowned its certain lack of high quality with youth, freshness, drama, uncertainty and a hint of mint.

Through steadiness and those precision strokes of hers that seem to catch all the corners, Chris managed to win the first set 6-4 and lead in the second 3-0. But here, as John Newcombe was to say later, "the match hinged. When Evonne comes to the fore, she can go woosh and it's over." Would she produce or wouldn't she? Goolagong did. Her talent and flair for the game are, at present, beyond Chris' capacity. Evonne began displaying marvelous shots of grace and artistry. She swept the next seven games (evening the match in the process) with the loss of only 10 points.

Chris kept pounding away with that double-whammy backhand, and she went a break up twice in the final set, but a slow wilt was showing and she had to struggle to hold service in the eighth game. She was serving again at

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4-5, 0-15, when she pushed Evonne far back and off-balance, whereupon the Australian girl leaped precariously and brushed a forehand dink cross court to win the point. Evonne opened her mouth in astonishment, while Chris slumped away as the applause swelled and swelled. The brilliant stroke, created of the moment, said volumes about the match, and two points later it was over, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4 to Goolagong—a match of lollipops and champagne of which there will be many more.

That match made an anticlimax of the final, in which Billie Jean King had only to withstand an unfriendly audience and some outrageous line calls to thrash Evonne 6-3, 6-3 and walk away with the championship.

Chris, Evonne and Rosie Casals, who was warned, scorned and ordered off court for wearing too much color—plus something that had to be a Virginia Slims cigarette ad—on her dress, received most of the notices. But if this was indeed the women's Wimbledon, it became Billie Jean King's own to savor.

Stung by her No. 2 ranking last season behind Goolagong in a year she called "the best of my life," Billie Jean in recent weeks had practically been shunted to the sidelines by the clamor over the kids. But she is by far the best player of the three—one of the best ever. Finally, for the first time in her career she is unchallenged as the queen of her art.

Billie Jean currently holds the American, French and world championships, and her position in tennis history is assured. This is to say nothing of her contributions to the game and the work she has done to create youth programs and general interest in girls' tennis, as well as opportunities for tiny Chrises and Evonnes everywhere. Last year she earned over \$100,000, mostly on the Virginia Slims tour she singlehandedly carries on her back. Now she has won Wimbledon for the fourth time, placing her in the select company of six other women who have won at least four.

In her 12 years of play in the All-England singles, Billie Jean has been in seven finals, two semis and two quarterfinals. There is a year missing. When she was 17 and a little Miss Moffitt, she came to Wimbledon for the first time and, on center court, lost in the opening round.

Chris Evert has done better at 17, but what a long way she has to go. **END**



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AFTER THE GOLDEN MOMENT

For some champions the Olympics have meant enduring fame, for others they are only the memory of a transcendent instant of glory by WILLIAM JOHNSON

To the world, Olympic heroes tend to endure at their moment of victory. Flashed with youth, exalted by triumph, they are crystallized in time. Perhaps that is the essence of the Olympics—a single, intense, theatrical instant shared by competitor and spectator alike. There are the gold medals—actually gilded silver—the anthems, the flags, the transcendent applause. It is so fleeting and so beautiful. But, of course, there is more. And though our memories of them may not admit it, Olympians carry no marks of identification once the victories are won, the medals given out. Nothing is predictable except that their lives are never again the same. As a group, only one thing can be said of them: their feet are made neither of gold nor of clay, but only of flesh.

PAAVO NURMI, RECLUSE

He is a legend and newspapers have his obituary on composing-room trays, waiting to be pulled out when he dies. Most have had the type set for years. But perhaps they will not know when he dies, for Paavo Nurmi is a recluse. He is 75 years old and his heart, once perhaps as steady and as strong as any on earth, is feeble. He suffered a massive coronary failure four years ago, others more recently. He cannot get about without a cane.

In Helsinki, where he lives in an apartment overlooking Sibelius Park, Nurmi is considered to be a miser, a shrewd and sour fellow who made a lot of money in real estate and with the Paavo Nurmi shop, a men's clothing store. He won nine gold medals, more than any Olympic runner in history. He also won three silver medals. He entered 12 Olympic races in 1920, 1924 and 1928.

Nurmi was born on the nails of poverty in 1897 in Turku, the old capital of Finland. His father died when he was 12 and he became an errand boy, pushing a wheelbarrow. He began running in the black-pine forests near Turku and soon became so intense about it that people avoided him; where he had been taciturn to the point of glumness, now he did nothing but talk—about nothing but running. After elementary school he became a machine-shop worker, then went into the army where he was a weapons fitter. He never stopped running, but he became more and more withdrawn. He loved classical music and attended concerts frequently, but always alone. He was married for a year, then divorced. Neither he nor his wife remarried. He has one son, Matti, whom until recently he rarely saw.

Perhaps because of his early deprivations, Paavo Nurmi was known as a pothunter. It was once said, "Nurmi has the lowest heartbeat and the highest asking price of any athlete in the world." Nonetheless, he has always been a hero in Finland, a man whose fame put his country on the map of the world. A statue of him was sculpted in 1925. It now stands outside Helsinki Stadium, and recently an old friend, discussing the life of Nurmi, shook his head and said, "Think, for years Nurmi has had to look at his own statue. What would that do to a man?"

In 1952, when the Olympic Games were FENNARD

The most celebrated athlete of Berlin was Jesse Owens, who won four gold medals and affronted Hitler; the most notorious was Eleanor Holm, who was haunted for swinging badly.



OLYMPICS



Now 75, Paavo Nurmi is an inviolable and a recluse, rarely leaving his Helsinki apartment.

held in Helsinki, Paavo Nurmi astonished everyone by appearing suddenly at the opening ceremonies to run the final lap with the Olympic torch. He had trained hard for that role and his celebrated stride was unmistakable to the crowd. When he came into view, waves of sound began to build throughout the stadium, rising to a roar, then to a thunder. When the national teams, assembled in formation on the infield, saw the flowing figure of Nurmi, they broke ranks like excited schoolchildren, dashing toward the edge of the track.

A few years ago, after his first severe heart attack, Paavo Nurmi arranged to leave his estate (valued at about \$240,000) to a foundation that supports heart research. When he announced the bequest, Nurmi agreed to hold a brief conversation with reporters. One asked, "When you ran Finland onto the map of the world, did you feel you were doing it to bring fame to a nation unknown by others?"

"No," said Nurmi. "I ran for myself, not for Finland."

"Not even in the Olympics?"

"Not even then. Above all, not then. At the Olympics, Paavo Nurmi mattered more than ever."

ELEANOR HOLM, EN-DECORATOR

She is 58, saucy as ever, with that stunning, fresh, huge smile which captivated the world in 1936 after she was named from the U.S. Olympic team for drink-

ing and staying up late during the voyage to Europe. "I was drinking champagne," she said. "If it had been whiskey or gin, well, all right."

She now lives in a penthouse apartment in a Miami Beach condominium loaded with pink French provincial furniture, carved wooden chests, bureaus and tables, and Oriental lamps. On her walls are two Dals and a Renoir. Much of this came from her second husband, the late Billy Rose, after they were divorced in 1954.

Eleanor Holm first went to the Olympics at Amsterdam in 1928. She was 14. Her father was a New York City fire captain. She won no medals, but in Los Angeles in 1932 she won a gold in the 100-meter backstroke and she doubtlessly would have won another in Berlin if she had been allowed to compete.

"The afternoon before I was kicked off the team I won a couple of hundred dollars playing craps with the reporters in the first-class cabins," she recalled. "I didn't give it back either, and I'm sure this didn't sit too well with the officials. Of course, they were all in first-class cabins and they didn't like my being there. I tried to buy my own ticket to go first class, but they wouldn't let me. I was an athlete! To them athletes were cattle and they had to be fenced off. So they put us down in steerage, four to a room, way down in the bottom of the boat! God, everything smelled like liniment. Yuck!"

Eleanor Holm speaks almost exclusively in italics and exclamation points, always with gestures and usually wielding a lighted cigarette to lend further emphasis to her remarks. "Well, it was such a *wuss!* I was no baby. . . . Hell, I was married to Art Jarrett and he was the star at the Coconut Grove and I had been singing for his band before the '36 Games. I'd been working in nightclubs when I made the team.

"I guess it was the second night out of New York and I was sitting around with the newspaper boys when this chaparrone came up and told me it was time to go to bed. God, it was about nine o'clock, so I said to her, 'Oh, is it really bedtime? Did you make the Olympic team or did I?' I had had a few glasses of champagne. So she went to Brundage and they got together and told me I was fired. I was *heartbroken!*"

Well, not *permanently* heartbroken. In Berlin, Eleanor was the belle of the

Games. "I had such fun! You know, athletes don't think much about politics at all. I enjoyed the parties, the Heil Hitlers, the uniforms, the flags and those thousands of cleaning ladies with their gray dresses and brooms.

"Goering was fun. He had a good personality. So did the little one with the club foot [Joseph Goebbels]. Goering gave me a sterling-silver swastika. I had a mold made of it and I put a diamond Star of David in the middle."

When she returned to the U.S., she was a celebrity. "Jarrett, my husband, was going to sue Brundage for kicking me off," she said, "but then we started getting all these fabulous offers and, well, he dropped it. I did all right after the Los Angeles Games, but 1936 made me a *star*. It made me a *glamour* girl! Just another gold medal would never have done that!"

Eleanor Holm has lived in her Miami Beach apartment for 11 years. "I play golf," she said, "Awful golf. One hundred and eighteen is my *consist* score. My *best* is 106. I made a living doing interior decorating for a while. I was pretty good, too. But, my God, going up against those rich, showy broads. They'd have all this *jewelry* dripping off them. To impress them, when I was trying to get their decorating jobs, I'd run down to my bank vault and get out this one big rock that Rose gave me. I'd put it on and then go talk with them and I'd sit flashing that big rock back and forth in front of my face. Oh, they'd no-

Saucy as ever at 58, Eleanor Holm lives in a Miami Beach penthouse with her Renoir.



free that rock, all right. Then when I was done selling them, I'd run back to the bank and put my rock back in the vault. I couldn't afford to insure it."

HERB ELLIOTT, SALES MANAGER

When he was 22, Herb Elliott was the most promising runner since Paavo Nurmi. He won the gold medal in the 1,500 in Rome and he held the world record in that distance and in the mile, an event that he never lost. Then he quit.

Elliott is now 34 and it is as if he had never been anything but what he is today, an ascending and extremely ambitious sales manager for Australian Portland Cement Ltd. He lives with his wife and six children in the Melbourne suburb of Moorabbin. "I believe life falls into categories," he said. "When you are a youngish sort of bloke, as I still class myself, your career has to be developed to a level that makes you happy. I am not happy by any means. There is a family to educate and a home to build and pay off. The first 15 or 20 years of married life must be a selfish sort of existence where job and family come first."

When asked what interest he has in track now, he answered sharply, "Nil." When asked if his celebrity as a medal winner had helped his career, he said, "No."

When asked if he ever appears before athletic associations, he said, "I accept those invitations only if they are for a very close friend or if they will help me in my job or if they will pay me."

Elliott discussed his brilliant running career as if he were discussing a stranger's. "When I first started, my only ambition was to be better than I was. This gradually leads you on and you are satisfied with what you have done. I didn't realize what my goal was until I felt satisfied. I felt satisfied when I won an Olympic gold medal and broke a world record. Once that hunger had been satisfied, I lost interest altogether."

"Every time I ran it was an enormous strain on me, even if it was at a little country meeting. I hate the four or five hours before a race. I was twisted up and knotted up inside. It was a ghastly feeling. The nervousness and the pressure increased as my unbeaten record got longer. The pundits, the damned journalists would say, 'Today's the day Elliott's going to be knocked off,' and in England and all over the world tens

of thousands of people would turn up just to see if I would be beaten. It was a drag."

GAZANFER BILGE, BUS CZAR

From Olympic champion to a kingdom of horses. . . On the verge of death, then to prison. . . In spite of tuberculosis, pneumonia, infections and bullets perforating liver and lungs, the man is alive and standing on his feet. . . But this man, a businessman and a multimillionaire, is guarded day and night by an army of volunteers. . .

Thus does Ankara journalist Mehmet Ali Kislali put into elegant summary the life and times of Gazanfer Bilge, 48, the Turkish wrestler and bus mogul. These have been bitter and bloody years for Gazanfer Bilge, a far cry from the radiant hour when he stood upon the podium in London in 1948 and received his gold medal for winning the featherweight division in freestyle wrestling. "I trembled very much," he said.

Ordinarily, Gazanfer Bilge is a man of immense ego and gargantuan self-confidence. When he was asked who had helped him most in his quest for the Olympic medal, he replied, "Nobody did. I have learned every game by myself. The secret of my success is my strength and my intelligence."

It is a bizarre world that Gazanfer Bilge lives in now, and as Kislali writes, "Clouds of anxiety have come to fill his eyes." A bloody feud has erupted among the major bus owners of Turkey. It is the more surrealistic in that all the major parties were, like Gazanfer Bilge, Olympic wrestlers.

Turkish wrestlers have gravitated to the bus business in surprising numbers—among them Kazim Ayvaz, Mustafa Dagistanli, Hamit Kaplan and the Atan brothers, Irfan and Adil, who have come to be the nemesis of Gazanfer Bilge.

After he won his medal the Turkish government rewarded Gazanfer Bilge with a house and 20,000 Turkish liras (\$7,142). This resulted in his being disqualified at the 1952 Olympics along with several other Turks who had been similarly honored. He bought a firm, then sold it for a profit and bought two minibuses. He prospered and bought a full-sized bus, then many buses, and today there is scarcely an important route in Turkey that is not serviced by the buses of Gazanfer Bilge.



Turkish bus mogul Gazanfer Bilge won a gold in wrestling but lost a bloody feud.

They are easy to recognize for they are painted with the famed five circles of the Olympics and also with Gazanfer Bilge's name in large letters. He is very rich now, with two villas in Istanbul and other valuable real estate in Ankara. Still, there are those "clouds of anxiety."

The storm center is Adil Atan, 43, who won a bronze medal in wrestling at Helsinki, and his brother Irfan, 45, who finished fourth in the same Games. Adil Atan is not as rich as Gazanfer Bilge, but he owns 50 buses. Adil Atan is a fierce-looking fellow. He is almost bald and he weighs well over 250 pounds. Adil Atan's hobby is keeping canaries. There are dozens of them in his home and it is said that he is as gentle as a little bird himself when he is around them.

There is confusion over exactly what triggered the fighting between Adil Atan and Gazanfer Bilge, but here is the chronicle in the words of Gazanfer Bilge as told to the journalist Kislali. Certainly, this is a prejudiced version, but it is the truth as Gazanfer Bilge sees it.

"The Atan brothers are Abazas, a branch of Circassians, my mother is Circassian, too. We knew each other since we were very young. One day the Atan brothers came to see me. They threatened me, started swearing and asked for half of my company. Of course, I gave them no share whatsoever. They started beating and threatening my drivers. I complained to the authorities, but

enlistment

OLYMPICS

nothing was done to protect me. . . .

"It was in 1963, it was election day. The law stipulates that on election day nobody is to carry a gun. That very day, wrongly presuming I had no gun, they made me fall into an ambush. . . . I pulled out my gun and started to fire. The bullets entered in the arm and hip of Fethi Atan, the youngest brother, and in the belly of Adil Atan. Whilst I was trying to charge again, they got scared and disappeared. Thereupon I went to the police station and gave myself up.

"In the meantime, I was informed that I had slightly wounded a young girl I did not know and I was informed that Adil's condition was serious. Then I was arrested. I stayed in prison 48 days. I lost 12 kilos (26 pounds). I had tuberculosis of the lungs.

"Two years elapsed from that day. One night I was passing by the Kadiköy post office. All of a sudden I had the impression that a bus was running on me. A bullet fired from the back put my liver into pieces, went through my lung and out my chest. When I turned to face the assassin, a second bullet wounded my arm. I immediately ran behind a minibus and I started firing, too. But the assassin ran away. Later he was captured and sentenced to 12 years. He was the son of the eldest of the Atan brothers. His name was Bahriyar Atan.

"I was put into the hospital. Syams Ersek, the world-famous doctor who has undertaken a heart transplant for the

first time in Turkey, operated on me. In the meantime, I had jaundice. I was under treatment for three, four years. Also, the hearing of the lawsuit for the events of 1963 was going on. The decision was rendered in 1968. I was sentenced to two years. Finally, after 1½ years, I was released because of my good conduct."

Not long ago, Gazanfer Bıldıç suffered a heart attack. Now, scarred and weakened, he is taking no chances of being attacked again. Kislali visited Gazanfer Bıldıç's office recently and he reported, "There are iron bars at the windows. Volunteers are guarding the door. To be able to see Gazanfer one has to overcome four or five obstacles. One has to make an appointment months in advance. The only thing they do not ask for is a passport. As for the rest, you have only the impression of entering a top secret military zone."

MICHELLE OSTERMEYER, PIANIST

She is 49, a graceful woman with gray hair and horn-rimmed glasses. At London she won two gold medals and a bronze for France—gold in the shotput and the discus, a bronze in the high jump. Then Micheline Ostermeyer went on to become a concert pianist, but her performance at the Olympics remains a magical event. "The Olympics were, no doubt, the biggest moment of my life," she said. "But you must not forget life is not a moment. In a way, I suppose the Olympics was a prolongation of my childhood."

Mme. Ostermeyer was born in Berck in the north of France; her mother was a piano teacher, her grandfather the composer and virtuoso Lucien Laroche. Victor Hugo was a great-uncle. She attended the Paris Conservatory of Music and practiced the piano five or six hours a day. She practiced track five or six hours a week, usually at night. She was married for many years to an Armenian-born kinesiologist, Ghazar Ghazarian, who died seven years ago. She now lives quietly with her two children in an apartment in Versailles. She teaches piano at the Claude Debussy Conservatory. She rarely gives concerts now, although last autumn she did write a note to Count Jean de Beaumont of the IOC asking to play for Olympic competitors in Munich. "I've had no reply, alas," she said.

Her own career as a pianist was not enhanced by her fame as a gold medal winner. "They thought that I was an athlete who happened to play the piano.

In reality, I was a pianist who happened to compete in athletics. If I had played tennis or something mundane like that it might have been all right, but other musicians thought—track and field? There was prejudice. I had to show them my diplomas.

"For a long time I could not play Liszt, though, because he was too *virtuoso*. I knew what other musicians would say—'Well, of course, what else would she play?' So I had to play Debussy, Ravel, Chopin. In 1954 or 1955, I finally played Liszt at a recital and I had such a success with it that I thought, 'Oh, why didn't I play it before?'"

TAKECHI NISHI, CAVALRYMAN, DECEASED Baron Takechi Nishi won a gold medal in the equestrian Prix des Nations event in the Los Angeles Olympics of 1932, and he counted Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Will Rogers among his friends. Baron Nishi's widow lives in a small apartment in Tokyo's fashionable Azabu district. She recently recalled that Douglas Fairbanks once said that "one Baron Nishi is worth 10 diplomats."

His widow said that the baron had been downcast after Pearl Harbor, but that he had said, "I have many friends in the United States, but I must go to war for I am first a soldier and second a friend." The baron was killed in 1945 in a cave above a beach at Iwo Jima. As the story goes, one of the attacking U.S. marines knew of Baron Nishi—then a lieutenant colonel—through his Olympic exploits. During a lull in the fighting, he shouted, "Baron Nishi, come on out! You're too good a horseman to die in there!"

His widow said, "Oh, of course, he could not surrender. To surrender is disgrace." She said she was very proud of her husband's courage and that she has been told there is a plaque on a rock along the beach at Iwo Jima that marks the place where he died.

ALAIN MINOUL, CIVIL SERVANT

When the mother of Alain Mimoun was carrying him in her womb, she lived in a dismal mountain village in Algeria. One night she dreamed that she was walking across a desolate, stony landscape lit only by the moon. The moon was a comfort and she stopped walking to gaze at it. It seemed to drop a little closer to her. It became brighter, more sil-

Algerian distance see Alain Mimoun named his daughter *Olympe*, his house *L'Olympe*.



very, and it descended gradually toward her, until at last it loomed so close that she reached up and embraced it and held it to her bosom. In the morning she was troubled by the dream. She could not forget it because she could not understand it. She went to see a crone who interpreted dreams. The old woman said, "The child you carry will someday do a magnificent thing."

Alain Mimoun now lives in the Paris suburb of Campigny-sur-Marne. His home has a wine cave where he keeps a fine stock of Beaujolais and an excellent champagne, which he purchases from a private supplier. He is 51, a prosperous civil servant in the French national sports program and the most popular sports personality in French history—overshadowing Carpenter, Cerdan and Kilby. He has named his daughter Olympe; he calls his home L'Olympe and he has a room filled with his medals, which he calls the Olympic Museum. He says, "If the Olympics is a religion, then the museum is my chapel." He entered four Olympics from 1948 through 1968. He won a silver medal in London, two more in Helsinki. In Melbourne he won the gold medal in the marathon. At Rome he was injured and won no medals.

Mimoun left Algeria when he was 18 and joined the French army. He was named a Chevalier in the Legion of Honor in World War II, but his mother did not tell him of her dream. Over the years he won a record 32 long-distance running championships. She said nothing. She remained silent when he won his silver medals. Nor was he told about the dreams after he became a physical-education teacher in France—a position of magnificence to the peasants of his village. He was 36 in Melbourne, but he was in fine condition. "I knew I was older and I was losing speed," he said. "I am a realist. But I also knew my resistance was as good as ever."

So he ran the marathon. Only his old nemesis, Emil Zatopek, who had beaten him in every Olympic race he had ever run, and a solitary journalist said that Mimoun had a chance to win. When Mimoun entered the stadium and neared the finish line he turned to see if Zatopek was gaining. There was no one in sight. Mimoun shook off the officials who crowded about to congratulate him and stood gazing at the stadium entrance. "I was sure Emil was there at my heels,"



Don Bragg won pole vault at Rome but never fulfilled his real dream—playing Tarzan.

he said. "I was hoping he would be second. I was waiting for him. Then I thought, well, he will be third—it will be nice to stand on the podium with him again. But Emil came in sixth, oh, very tired. He seemed in a trance, staring straight ahead. He said nothing. I said, 'Emil, why don't you congratulate me? I am an Olympic champion. It was I who won.'"

"Emil turned and looked at me, as if he were waking from a dream. Then he snapped to attention. Emil took off his cap—that white painting cap he wore so much—and he saluted me. Then he embraced me."

Alain Mimoun weeps at the memory. "Oh, for me," he said, "that was better than the medal."

The gold medal won in the Melbourne marathon was what the mother of Alain Mimoun had been waiting for. "She said to me, 'That's it! That's what my dream meant!' And then she told me about embracing the moon and of the magnificent thing she had been waiting for me to do. I suffered much, but I knew the real Olympics to be religious games as the Greeks had planned them. You can't fabricate an Olympic champion. You are an Olympic champion in your mother's womb."

RIF MASTENBROEK, HOLSEWIFF

She is an invalid, nearly crippled from an auto accident and unable to work. She is 54 now, heavy and seemingly very tired. Rie Mastenbroek was the most famous woman swimmer in Europe in 1936, a pretty slip of a girl, just 17. She won three gold medals and a silver in the Berlin Games. "I am forgotten," she said. "No one remembers who I was."

She lives with her second husband and a 16-year-old son from her first marriage in an apartment in Rozenburg, a suburb of Rotterdam. Her first marriage was a "disaster" and she was forced to work 14-hour days as a cleaning woman after the war in order to care for her children. The only time she has actually been in a swimming pool in decades was when she waded into a therapy pool at a hospital in an attempt to ease the headache that constantly pounds at the base of her skull.

Yet Rie Mastenbroek remembers the days when she swam. "Sometimes I think, 'oh, dear, oh, dear, how good I must have been, how really good!' After me, not one lady swimmer, nobody, not one, ever did it again: three times gold and once silver. Oh, how good I must have been!"

DON BRAGG, BOYS CAMP OWNER

Kamp Olympic is in the pine barrens of New Jersey. In the summer it overflows with 270 boys, but in the early spring it is a cold, desolate place. The

continued

Once the flower of Nazi madness, Greta Mastenmayer was the alias in 1936.



owner of the camp is Don Bragg, 37, who won a gold medal in the pole vault in Rome in 1960. The medal is now displayed, along with dozens of other trophies and ribbons he won, in the dining hall of his camp. At twilight one evening last spring, Bragg peered at the medal, and when he spoke his voice belled and echoed among the rafters of the large empty room. "All I ever really wanted to be was Tarzan. It was my dream. Listen, I broke the world's record because I was Tarzan. I won the gold medal because I wanted to be Tarzan. I knew Hollywood would believe I was Tarzan if I had that medal."

Bragg was very excited. He is an enormous man, with thick, curly black hair, but his sideburns have turned white. While he talked, he strode about the gloomy dining hall and his feet thundered on the floor. "People started calling me Tarzan, which I loved. In the Gaarden, they'd be yelling up in the galleries. 'Go, Tarzan! Win one for Cheeta!' Once one of those pale little stuffed shirts from the AAU came up to me and said I was going to jeopardize my amateur standing because I had 'Don Tarzan Bragg' printed on my traveling bag, I laughed at him.

"So in Rome I won the medal after eight hours. Eight hours! I went from 198 to 178 pounds, but I won and I let go with this fantastic Tarzan yell. It echoed all over the stadium and the crowd went wild.

"But the gold medal did it for me—

Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia won marathon twice, then was crippled in auto accident.



Hollywood called. I moved out there to become Tarzan. At this point Tarzan was in my bones. They wanted to straighten my nose and cut my vocal cords. My wife was about to have our first baby and she went home to New Jersey. I was living with Horace Heidt, the bandleader, and one night I took this girl home from some party and some guy took a shot at me. God, the headlines! And I got to thinking what am I doing in Hollywood—Don Bragg from Pentis Grove, New Jersey? What am I doing with nose jobs and voice-box tricks? I figured it's all too rich for me, so I came home."

It is very dark now in the dining hall of Kimp Olympik. Bragg paused for a moment, then spoke in hushed tones: "I am home for a week. I go down to the local swimming hole and some kids ask me if I'll make like Tarzan. Could I resist? No, I could not, so I swung out on a rope, dropped and landed on a big jagged hunk of glass and cut my foot so badly I needed 18 stitches and was supposed to stay off my foot for six weeks. So at this point I get this phone call from my old friend Sy Weintraub, the producer, and he said, 'Don, Don, we want you to play Tarzan in *Tarzan Goes to India*.' I was lying in bed with my foot wrapped and I just gulped. 'Don, Don,' said Sy, 'we'll forget about fixing your nose because we don't have time and we're leaving for India right now. You ready to go, Don? Don?' I said, 'Well, ah, er, Sy, I can't walk because I got this foot problem. . . .' So he hired Jack Mahoney to play Tarzan.

"Then in 1964 I was talking to some TV types about playing Tarzan in a series. They'd tested Weissmuller's son for the part, but he was too tall, so I got it. Yeah, I was going to be Tarzan. We went to Jamaica to film it and one day there I was standing on a cliff in my little Tarzan briefs. The cameras were all below me and the director was sitting in his chair and I puffed my chest out and I thought, 'I'm a star! My life's dream—me Tarzan!'

"So not two days after we started shooting they slapped a subpoena or an injunction or something on the whole company—a great legal mess over whether we had the rights to do Tarzan. The company shut down on the spot. I was crushed, of course. I came home to New Jersey and I took a job selling drug supplies for \$6,200 a year. What humiliation!

People would say to me, 'Say, aren't you Don Tarzan Bragg? What are you doing selling drug supplies?' Oh, it was some ego adjustment. But it still wasn't the worst."

Now it is almost pitch dark in the dining hall and Don Bragg nearly vanishes as he paces. "I was having bad back problems then. My leg had been going numb and the doctor said I had no choice but to go into the hospital for spinal surgery. So I was packing my stuff to check in when I got this phone call from South America. Sy Weintraub. He was calling from Brazil and he wanted to know if I could fly down there and be on location in 48 hours. He said they were shooting *Tarzan the Impostor*. Sy wanted me for the impostor. I gulped again and I told him I couldn't make it just then because I, ah, er, had this back problem. Weintraub couldn't believe it. He hired Ron Ely, and Ely ended up playing the real Tarzan on a TV series."

Bragg shook his head. "I'm no fatalist, but I just wasn't meant to be Tarzan."

GISELA MAUTERMAYER, LIBRARIAN

A homemade pullover sweater covers her big frame, and there is in her face a hint of haggardness of age and loneliness and the dry fatigue of a life filled with too much work. Gisela Mautermayer, 58, lives in the row house in Munich where she was born. She is a sprinter. Her married sister shares the house: Gisela Mautermayer works as a librarian at the Munich Zoological Society.

Anyone who has seen photos of Berlin's Olympians will never forget Gisela—a 6-foot blonde beauty who won the discus. She was the very flower of Nazi maidenhood and she gave the Nazi salute as the swastika rose on its staff and the stadium roared.

Hitler had made it a state policy to produce gold medal winners for the Games and Gisela was discovered by the Führer's Olympic talent scouts. She spent the year before the Games in intensive training under government coaches. Despite her resolute devotion to the Führer, her gold medal brought her no great material reward. After the Games, Gisela was given the same teaching job she had applied for earlier. She taught in Munich during the war. When American troops occupied the city, her home was robbed of all her medals and trophies. She was removed from her teaching job because of her Nazi party mem-

CONTINUED



Soup on the rocks.

Cool off with Campbell's Beef Broth. Take it straight from the can and onto the ice. Try it with a dash of Worcestershire or lemon garnish. You can even add your own thing. It's a great way to cool off after a hot day on land or sea. As a matter of fact, don't even wait for a real hot day; start pouring now. Cheers!

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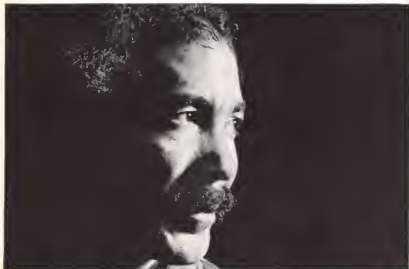
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DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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CHARLES GORDONE

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 45

PROFESSION: Playwright, Actor, Director.

HOBBIES: Writing. More writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Custer Died for Your Sins"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his play:
"No Place to be Somebody."

QUOTE: "We're all here trying to be somebody, find a place for ourselves . . . well, a lot of the people you hear about today, whether it be in art, politics, whatever . . . these are the people trying to find a place for America. We're a very young country and I don't think we've found out where we're at yet."

PROFILE: Agitated. Proud. Opinionated. He has energy to expend. His ability to articulate ideas will add immeasurably to the literature of self-identification for the black Americans.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



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Dewar's never varies.

OLYMPICS

bership. "I started from scratch at the Zoological Institute of Munich University," she said, "and I earned my second doctor's degree by studying the social behavior of ants."

In her home a Bechstein grand dominates the living room; next to it is a cello. Gisela Maiermayer plays chamber music twice a week with friends. "I sorely miss the idealism which ought to be an integral part of sport," she said. "Nowadays, competitive sport has become too commercialized, too specialized and, last but not least, a hazard rather than a boon to health. As a zoologist, I can attest from my scientific experience that no animal exists which could sustain the kind of protracted effort nowadays demanded by a high-performance athlete."

EMIL ZATOEPEK, A CZECH

Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia ran every step of every race as if there were a scorpion in each shoe. After he won a gold medal in the 10,000 and a silver in the 5,000 in London in 1948, Red Smith wrote: "Witnesses who have long since forgotten the other events still wake up screaming in the dark when Emil the Terrible goes waltzing through their dreams, gasping, groaning, clawing at his abdomen in horrible extremities of pain."

In Helsinki in 1952, Emil the Terrible let his grand agonies (which were almost entirely a matter of theatrics) transport him beyond the realm of mere human endurance as he won gold medals in the 5,000, the 10,000 and the marathon. No man had ever done such a thing, and it was the more amazing because Zatopek had never run a marathon in competition before. When it was over he said, "The marathon is a very boring race."

In 1967 Emil Zatopek spoke to a reporter from the London *Times* about his appreciation of the Olympics. "For me the 1948 Olympics was a liberation of the spirit. After all those dark days of the war, the bombing, the killing, the starvation, the revival of the Olympics was as if the sun had come out. I went into the Olympic Village in 1948 and suddenly there were no more frontiers, no more barriers. Just the people meeting together. It was wonderfully warm. Men and women who had lost five years of life were back again." For many years Emil Zatopek was a colonel in the Czech army and the toast of

the Communist Party. Crowds used to gather around him in the street. Then in 1968 he signed the 2,000 Words Manifesto. After Russian tanks stamped out the rebellion, he was expelled from the party, transferred to the reserves and given a pension for a pension. He worked for a time as a well-tester, but he lost that job. He became a garbage collector, but people recognized him at his work. They helped him carry the garbage cans. This was viewed as a symbol of solidarity against the regime, so he was fired. Then last year he publicly recanted his liberal views. While this incurred the ire of the Czech public, it prompted Party Boss Gustav Husák to say that he held "Zatopek in esteem as a man of character." Zatopek is now working for the Czech Geological Research Institute on oil-deposit research. He says it is an outdoor occupation that allows him to go home to Prague once a fortnight.

HAROLD ABRAHAM'S, BARRISTER

Harold Abraham's is 72, a dignified retired London lawyer. In the 1924 Olympics in Paris, he won the 100-meter dash, defeating Charles Paddock, then the World's Fastest Human. "The medal had a bearing on my career, of course," he said. "I was a celebrity. People knew me through my victory, but that was not the reason I tried to win. My brothers were both well-known athletes and, eventually, I wanted to show I could do better than they had. When I won, there wasn't any great surge of patriotism in me, though I was pleased for Britain."

"But another reason why I hardened myself to win was that there was a certain amount of anti-Semitism in those days. Certainly, now, I didn't run in the Olympics to win for all of the Jews. I ran for myself. But I felt I had become something of an outsider, you know. That may have helped."

ABEBE BIKILA, SOLDIER

He will have a seat of honor at the Munich Olympics, but it will be a sad and futile tribute of the type that healthy men pay to the cripples whose still, gleaming wheels line the sidelines at athletic contests.

Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia will be there in his chromium-plated wheelchair, a doubly painful sight because he was so graceful and so strong before he was paralyzed. Now 39, Bikila became a his-

continued

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OLYMPICS



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You get something else, too. Our famous English Leather formula. Others can give you a lime scent. But only English Leather gives you both. With a long, long lasting scent.

So let it get hot. Just pick up some English Leather Lime.

And it'll pick you up.

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tonic figure in Rome in 1960 when he won the marathon; it was the first gold medal for a man from black Africa. He was unforgettable when he ran through the streets of Rome that day. He was barefoot and his stride was easy, though his legs seemed far too thin to carry him over so many miles. His face was set in a gaunt, brown mask that somehow seemed beautiful at the same time it was grim. When he won, the mask cracked, bursting into a radiant smile.

He made Olympic history in Tokyo when he won his second consecutive gold in the marathon, there he did a handstand just after he broke the tape. He might have won a third marathon in Mexico City except that he ran with an injured ankle. He did not finish.

Now Bikila is a paraplegic, he cannot move from the waist down. In 1969 an automobile he was driving near Addis Ababa overturned. He was flown to England for special treatment and Haile Selassie himself made a trip to visit him there. But the doctors could do nothing and they say now that his chances of ever moving his legs again are a million to one.

Though he is virtually helpless, Bikila still holds the rank of captain in the Imperial Bodyguard. He was a private in the army when he went to Rome, was promoted to corporal after the gold medal, won promotion to sergeant in the Imperial Bodyguard before Tokyo, was made a lieutenant following that triumph and became a captain after Mexico City. "My life was enriched by the Olympics in that way," said Bikila.

He lives with his wife and four children in a cottage among groves of gum and eucalyptus on the outskirts of Addis. About his house are the shabby huts of his peasant neighbors. There is a seven-foot corrugated iron fence around Bikila's property, and inside, on brilliantly green grass, half a dozen sheep graze, chickens pecking at their feet. Inside the house, the floors are polished to a fine sheen and the walls are hung with war shields. His trophies, stained and discolored by the damp mountain air, are displayed in a cupboard. The scent of incense permeates the rooms.

"Men of success meet with tragedy," said Bikila. "It was the will of God that I won the Olympics and it was the will of God that I had my accident. I was overjoyed when I won the marathon twice. But I accepted those victories as I accept



Jesse Owens makes \$75,000 a year selling "Jesse Owens image" to eager audiences.

this tragedy. I have no choice. I have to accept both circumstances as facts of life and live happily."

The path leading to Bikila's door is trod by dozens of Olympic aspirants who come to him for inspiration and advice. Little boys and soldiers alike arrive daily to visit him. They wish to run as he did, they wish to win as he did. It is a pilgrimage to Ethiopia's Olympic oracle. And the honor is more profound than any he will receive in Munich.

JESSE OWENS, PUBLIC IMAGE

The morning was warm and sunny in Binghamton, N.Y. On the infield, runners were warming up, the distance men floating with a long gliding gait, the sprinters chopping furiously through starts. Jesse Owens came down the stadium steps and walked out onto the infield with the short, bouncy, confident stride that appeared so often in the newsreels and movies from Berlin 1936. He was erect, square-shouldered, and all the fluid power that used to explode in his sprints still seemed to be available if he had decided to call upon it. Seemed, but only fleetingly. Jesse Owens was 58, pouched around the eyes and 25 pounds heavier than in 1936. The features of the older man scarcely resembled those of the young. But no one would envy be quite like the young Jesse Owens, who electrified the world by winning four gold medals in Berlin, a black man who threw the Aryan racism of Hitler back in his face.

Owens was in Binghamton for a teen-

age track meet sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Besides the busy legs of competitors warming up, the infield was also alive with the grins of go-get-'em junior executives and the smiles of rising young salesmen. They moved in to shake hands with Jesse Owens and he was enormously friendly, enthusiastic, not unlike a Jaycee himself. There were only 100 or so people in the stands. *The Star-Spangled Banner* was playing through a loudspeaker from a tiny cassette recorder and a Jaycee said rather tremulously into a microphone, "I give you America's greatest Olympic hero, Jesse Owens!"

Jesse Owens spoke in a deep, impressive voice, his words wonderfully well enunciated. He was at work, of course, and he said, "On behalf of the Ford Motor Company and the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford, we're glad to be a part of this fine Sport Spectacular here with the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Binghamton . . . a lot of good luck to all of you and God bless."

He left the infield then, grinning, waving, signing every autograph requested, and climbed into the back seat of a Lincoln furnished by the local dealer. The president of the Binghamton Jaycees was at the wheel and he drove Jesse Owens to Schrafft's Motor Inn where he was staying. The red plastic letters on the marquee were arranged on one side to spell DINNER SPECIAL SEAFOOD PLATTER. On the other side they said WELCOME JESSE OWENS. It was time, said Jesse, to eat lunch—a ham and egg sandwich and a bottle of beer.

When Jesse Owens speaks, even with a bite of ham and egg in his mouth, grand oratorical echoes roll out. If you ask him, for example, how he liked the Games in Mexico City, he will reply, "I saw 10,000 people competing there, and it was the aim of every girl and every boy to be victorious. Yet, there they were—eating together, singing together, dancing together, rapping together and I thought, 'If this does not bring the nations of the world together, what ever will?'" Or if you ask what material advantage a gold medal may bring to a man, he will say, "Material reward is not all there is, sir. No. How many meals can a man eat? How many cars can he drive? In how many beds can he sleep? All of life's wonders are not reflected in material wealth. . . ."

This is a natural way of talking for

Jesse Owens, unless he is very relaxed. He is a kind of all-round super combination of 19th-century spellbinder and 20th-century plastic P.R. man, fulltime banquet guest, eternal glad-hander, evangelistic small-talker. Muted bombast is his stock-in-trade. Jesse Owens is what you might call a professional good example.

For this he is paid upwards of \$75,000 per annum. Some of the income derives from the 80 or 90 speeches he gives each year. Some is from the corporate clients he "represents"—meaning, in essence, that he sells them his celebrity and his reputation for use at public events where the client wishes to display its "Jesse Owens image," as one ad man calls it. Among his clients are the Atlantic Richfield Company, Sears, Roebuck and Company, the American League and the Ford Motor Company. In pursuit of his career, he travels 200,000 miles a year. On the average he spends four days of every week sleeping in a hotel bed and taking his meals with Jaycees, salesmen and other strangers.

Jesse Owens spoke of his growth as a public orator: "I was once a stutterer and when I was in Ohio State I took a course in phonetics from a master teacher. I've always admired the great orators of my day even more than the great athletes. Roscoe Conkline Simmons and Perry W. Howard and, of course, Martin Luther King and Adam Clayton Powell." His own style of oratory is grandiose and soaring, perhaps more notable for its delivery than its content. "Mostly, I'd say the substance is sheerly inspirational," he said. "I work for my payday like anyone else and things fall into a routine. I have a speech on motivation and values, one on religion, one on patriotism, I have one on marketing and statistics for sales conventions, pointing out that training for athletics is like training to sell. Parts of the speeches are interchangeable, but I'm talking to kids most of the time and I tell them things like this. . . ."

His voice made a slight adjustment, became deeper, a dignified holler that bounded around the restaurant. "Awards become tarnished and diplomas fade," he said. "Gold turns green and the ink turns gray and you cannot read what is upon that diploma or upon that badge. Championships are mythical things. They have no permanence. What is a gold medal? It is but a trinket, a bou-

ble. What counts, my friends, are the realities of life: the fact of competition and, yes, the great and good friends you make. . . ."

He readjusted his voice to show that he was no longer orating but the timbre remained. "Grown men," he said softly, "stop me on the street now and say, 'Mr. Owens, I heard you talk 15 years ago in Minneapolis. I'll never forget that speech.' And I think to myself, that man probably has children of his own now. And, maybe, maybe he remembers a specific point I made, or perhaps two points I made. And maybe he is passing those points on to his own son, just as I said them. And then I think"—Owens' voice dropped near a whisper now—"then I think, that's immortality. You are immortal if your ideas are being passed on from a father to a son and to his son and to his son and on and on."

The banquet following the Jaycees' Sports Spectacular in Binghamton was held at the Harper College Union. Jesse Owens was dressed in a beige suit of modified Edwardian cut, a muted-green shirt and a loud, wide tie. He entered the banquet room by himself while several hundred guests waited in the lobby. He stood at the head table and gazed at the sea of empty tables for a moment and said, "God, I always have these damn butterflies before I talk. Wouldn't you think I'd get over it?" Soon the crowd came in and everyone ate. Then the Jaycee who was master of ceremonies said, "I give you the greatest Olympian of them all—Jesse Owens!"

The crowd rose as one man to give an ovation that lasted two full minutes. Jesse Owens stood easily at the rostrum and when everyone sat down, he made his speech on motivation and values.

" . . . There'll be winners and there'll be losers . . . but friendships born on the field of athletic strife are the real gold of competition . . . awards become corroded, friends gather no dust . . . youth is the greatest commodity this nation has . . . honor thyself . . . honor thy God. . . ."

After yet another meal taken among strangers, Jesse Owens and the Jesse Owens image were working nicely in tandem again.

NEXT WEEK

Avery Brundage calls the Olympics a ray of sunshine. Others call Brundage a hypocrite.

TROTTING IT OUT IN STYLE



Proverbially both hordheaded and conscious of the pleasures of elegance, the French are at their finest in this 1,100-acre harness horse training establishment at Grasbois, east of Paris. Several tracks—covered and uncovered—are but a jog away from compounds like the one opposite, where the country's top horsemen have comfortable living quarters adjoining their stables, all for a mere \$8,000 a year or so. The decor, the splendor, the glorious facilities, the price add up to the sport's most winning locale. The problem, as ever, is to make the horses winners, too.

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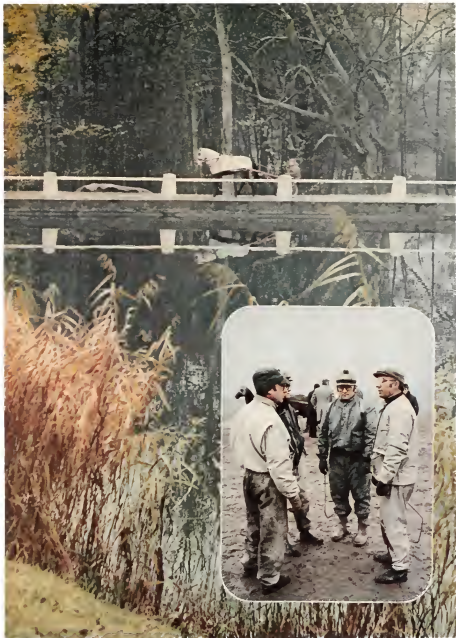




The comingling of grace and utility at Versailles is evident in its equestrian piece, a châteaue built in the 17th century as a royal hunting lodge, and in such training facilities as a covered track (above) and dual paved/unpaved roads all around. At one time the châteaue was the residence of Napoleon's chief of staff, Louis-Alexandre Berthier. With its Empire furnishings, it is a tourist attraction.







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Between glossy panel and woods where deer and bear abound jogs one of Grosbois' trotters. And as they do the world around, trainers work rain or shine. Here on a soggy day Jean-René Gougeon (far right), handler of the world champion Une de Mai, chats with his peers. The wonder mare, an 8-year-old who has won \$1.5 million, returns this Saturday to New York's Roosevelt Raceway to try for victory No. 3 in her fourth appearance in the rich International.



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Nebraska Football Coach **Bob Devaney** has convened the College All-Stars for their July 28 game in Chicago against the Dallas Cowboys and has imposed some training-camp regulations that will almost certainly speed up the learning process for the fledgling pros. For the first time in the 38-year history of the game, the All-Stars will be subject to fines for training infractions. Perhaps because of this, attendance at the first day of camp was excellent. Among the few no-shows: **Tom Darden** of Michigan, who was getting married, and his teammate, **Billy Taylor**, who was his best man. That seemed excuse enough.

Getting his hands on the ABA Memphis Pros was tough and so for **Charles Finley**, who had to obtain the approval of 51% of the stockholders. That meant a majority of the 4,000 Memphis residents who bought 120,000 shares in the club last year to raise \$700,000 in operating funds. They finally did approve, voting 69,225 to 4,998, and now Finley wants to rename the club. He held a contest with \$2,500 to the winner and season tickets to the runners-up. Results

are yet to be announced. "I've been looking over some of the names," said Finley, "and I can tell people are putting a lot of thought into it. I don't particularly care for the name Finley Finks, though."

♦ A couple of athletes fought it out for the French premiership last week. **Jacques Chabon-Delmas**, the incumbent Prime Minister, lost in the political sweepstakes to rival **Pierre Mesmer**. But physical fitness could not have lost. A former rugby player for France, Chabon-Delmas works out three times a week with runner **Michel Jazy's** trainers, plays championship tennis and respectable golf. The new prime minister is a yachtsman, a hunter and a man who keeps in shape by playing tennis, running—and jumping flower beds at the war ministry.

Consumer advocate **Ralph Nader** has returned from Australia, where he took up the cause of the kangaroo. Sort of. "The threatened extinction of kangaroos is of worldwide interest," said the crusader on his arrival at Sydney. It was apparently the last reference he made to

the matter—perhaps because he found out that although some smaller species of the animal are near extinction, the big reds and grays that are killed for pet food and hides are not disappearing—yet—in places like New South Wales. Nader also got his digs in at the Australian auto industry, which is supposedly five years behind the U.S. in safety standards. **Prime Minister Billy McMahon** took a dim view of Nader's raid, which netted pledges of \$20,000 (Australian) for the cause. "He's a judge of Australia after about 24 hours in the country," said the P.M. "A professional pot stirrer."

Did you ever have one of those weeks when everything goes wrong? A few days after **Mike and Jerry Quarry** lost their fights to **Bob Foster** and **Muhammad Ali** in Las Vegas, their mother, **Arwanda Quarry**, had a flat tire on the family's mobile home. A fire broke out and quickly consumed the entire vehicle, destroying, among other things, \$2,500 worth of boxing gear.

Brazilian soccer star **Pelé**, who is on another farewell tour with the Santos team, hit San Fran-

cisco last week and delivered a pointed remark concerning **Bobby Hull's** \$2.5 million leap to the World Hockey Association. "He made the biggest mistake of his career," said Pelé, whose income is estimated at \$60,000 per month tax free. "If I had been Hull I would have asked for twice as much."

Call it the Great Kool-Aid Conservation Controversy. General Foods Corp., which makes the powdered soft drink, thought it would be dandy to include a small bookmark on the back of its packages. One of them had a Daniel Boone-type character urging the kids to "stop hunting." What that was supposed to mean, says General Foods Executive **Richard A. Aszling**, was "stop hunting for your place in the book." Get it? Well, hunting enthusiasts apparently did not, because shortly after the packages hit the market, the company began to get protest against its anti-sportsman campaign. "Nothing could have been further from our minds," Aszling said. But that still left the question of what to do about all those unsold packages.

Some years ago British Racing Writer **John Hlop** and his wife **Jean** scraped together enough money to go into the horse-breeding business. Their successes were as modest as their income until four years ago, when they produced a foal named **Brigadier Gerard**. Last week Hlop disclosed in England's *Observer* Review that he has been offered \$600,000 for his superhorse, which is undefeated in 14 races, including a three-length victory over **Mill Reef** in last year's Two Thousand Guineas. Now, Hlop adds, he could probably get "anything my wife and I cared to ask" in America, but he has no plans to sell. Instead, the horse will be retired to stud at the end of the season.



Onedownsmanship.



You remember one-upsmanship. If the next guy vacations in Acapulco, you go to Majorca. If he gets a Chevy, you get an Olds.

Well, the smart guys, the ones who really know how to play the game, are playing it in reverse.

He goes to Acapulco, you go to the zoo and a Mexican restaurant. It may not be quite the same, but no tourists in shorts, and you're two grand ahead.

He gets that Chevy — you guessed it, you go for the Honda Coupe.

It costs a bundle less. And it gets up

to 40 miles to the gallon. Which adds up to a few more bucks a month saved.

The skilled onedownsmanship player takes the money he saves on his car and other things and invests it wisely.

And one day before too long he's got more money than he knows what to do with.

And that, dear reader, is how one-downsmanship is really oneupsmanship.

The Honda Coupe. \$1735.*
It makes a lot of sense.

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We could tell you about our tires until we're blue in the face but only you can actually feel the difference in the way your car handles and rides with our steel-belted radials.

One thing we would like to tell you is that in addition to the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, our tires also offer substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

We believe our steel-belted radials are the most extraordinary tires that you can drive on. And the only way you'll ever believe us is to actually drive around on them yourself.

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Drive into a participating Uniroyal Zeta dealer. He'll take your old tires off and mount 4 steel-belted radials on your car.

You then pay the dealer. He'll put your name on your old tires and keep them in storage for you.

And if you can't feel an enormous difference in their over-all performance after driving around on them for 14 days, bring them back and the dealer will remount and balance your old tires at no charge and give you your money back.

You see, we want our tires to do the talking.



Offer expires August 12, 1972.



Watching the Redbird fly

In almost any athletic quest except those peculiar to pro basketball, hockey or bird watching, third place or thereabouts is the province of losers. Consider, however, the St. Louis Cardinals, that contrary gaggle nested in the middle of the National League East behind the Pirates and the Mets. They give the neighborhood some class.

As any Missouri bird watcher will tell you, the Cardinals, who may be overshadowed in the standings, have recently been the hottest team in baseball. At the beginning of June St. Louis was dead last with a 16-28 record, 15½ games behind the Mets. Even Bob Gibson, the perennially fine pitcher, had lost five games in a row. Since then, however, the Cardinals have taken off on a flight little short of phenomenal. Winning at an .800 pace, they made up 8½ games on the division leaders. A three-game sweep at New York that included an 11-0 win was the highlight of their gala June. Throughout their streak they averaged almost five runs and 10 hits per game. Twice they won seven in a row, and once six in a row.

Almost as many theories have surfaced for the Cards' sorry break from

the gate as for the surge that has replaced it. Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson offers the intriguing premise that fan reaction to the April players' strike had a lot to do with the Cardinal troubles.

"I'll tell you," he says, "Cincinnati and St. Louis are a lot alike: two country towns with conservative people. When the players went on strike, they hurt these people. For a month here in Cincinnati we had the coldest fans you'll ever see. I think they had the same thing in St. Louis, an ill will that the players really felt. It produced uneasiness, a thing that had to be battled with winning."

The Cards' collective psyche was further depressed by August Busch, hardest of the hard-nosed club owners faced with the strike. Barely concealing his anger, Busch traded away such stars as Pitcher Steve Carlton when Carlton held out for more money during spring training. The boss was mad, nobody was safe and everybody knew it. Some of the Cards did not take a secure breath until the June 15 trading deadline had passed.

Whatever the reason, the Cardinals played bad ball in April and May. Only team captain Joe Torre, the 1971 MVP and batting champion, hit consistently. "Our pitchers were good," says Dal Maxvill, the team's slick-fielding shortstop who raised his batting average 104 points during the June boom. "We just weren't delivering the key hits. Now our pitchers are still holding up and we're playing good ball behind them. I know the expression 'Put it all together' is overworked, but it really describes us."

As the Cardinals battled their way back to respectability, Gibson's won-lost record began to look the way a Gibson record should. Eight straight times he won, and he was most impressive last Friday when he gave Houston only four hits. Lou Brock hit safely in 32 of 35 games and had a .367 average for June. Matty Alou sprayed singles and doubles around with persistent cue-shot artistry, and Ted Simmons, the only unsigned, switch-hitting catcher in the majors, became Manager Red Schoendienst's fourth reg-

ular .300 hitter. With relief pitching scarce, Cardinal starters had obligingly completed a total of 34 games, the most in the league.

"Look around this clubhouse and you see a lot of talent," Maxvill says. "But the way we had been playing, we were making ourselves sick. When four or five of us would go to dinner or something, we'd say, 'We're just too good to play this way.' And we were. It may be a team game and all, but unless each guy gets his own act organized, it's tough."

It is ironic that just as the Cardinals were approaching the status of a legitimate pennant contender, they suffered a blow that may make third place difficult to hold. On a Fourth of July that was no celebration for Schoendienst, the team lost its fine, new starting pitcher, Sotelo Spinks, after a collision at home plate with Johnny Bench. Spinks scored from first on Luis Melendez' double, but his impact with Bench resulted in torn right knee ligaments that will keep him out for the rest of the season.

Spinks' injury leaves Schoendienst with Gibson, Rick Wise, Reggie Cleveland and Al Santorini as his only front-line pitchers, and although the bullpen was strengthened with the addition of Diego Segui, who won two games and saved three others after coming from the A's, the pitching problem is worrisome.

"The club that's gonna win it," Schoendienst says, "is the one with good pitching. Especially against the Pirates. They're a few places ahead of us, but we've been sneaking up." And with that he began to scan the roster of pitchers down on the farm in Tulsa.

Whether the Cards' high flying continues or not, bird watching ought to remain a popular sport with the folks in Missouri.

THE WEEK

by BARRY McDERMOTT

AL EAST Boston's winning streak went to seven games before Angel Sanis. Alomar beat the Sox with a two-out single in the bottom of the 16th inning. Alomar's hit was not the only untimely blow struck in Boston. Earlier, Red Sox Pitcher Luis Tiant and Outfielder Reggie Smith were seen swinging at each other in the Boston runway beyond the dugout.



GIBSON: EIGHT UP AFTER FIVE DOWN

Sull, Bowman's prospects for a second-half surge seemed good. For the first time in 21 years Red Sox pitchers managed five straight complete games in cramped Fenway Park.

Baltimore moved into first place by shattering Detroit with 21 hits in a 15-3 victory. "Potentially this club is better than any of my three others," said Manager Earl Weaver. The Orioles now have defeated Detroit nine of 13 this year, and things finally appear to be returning to normal for the Birds. Even Boog Powell broke out of his dreadful slump. The first baseman put on glasses and promptly went 10 for 24.

Shuffling his lineup following the Baltimore series, Detroit's Manager Billy Martin moved cleanup hitter Willie Horton to the top of the order, hoping Horton "might hit a home run and get us started." He hit no homer, but his single started a 13-hit attack against the Royals that broke a four-game losing streak.

Despite his impressive record, Sparky Lyle says he really does not deserve a spot on the All-Star team because he is a reliever. But the Yankee ace moved closer to possibly attaining the honor by striking out two of the three men he faced as New York ended its week with an 11-inning, 1-0 victory in Minnesota. It was Lyle's 18th save.

A victory over Vaia Blue was one of three won by Milwaukee. And Cleveland's pitching improved as newly acquired Mike Kilkenny, who has played for four different teams this year, posted a 1.82 ERA.

BALT 40-33 DET 30-33 ROST 36-24
NY 24-36 CLEV 31-40 MIL 28-42

AL WEST

Before the Kansas City Royals took the field against Detroit's Mickey Lolich, they heard some special words of wisdom from batting coach Charley Lau: "Get him early. If you don't, you don't get him at all." The Royals scored three runs in the first, sent Lolich to the showers by the sixth and beat him for the first time since September 1969.

The Oakland A's swapped Denny McLain to Atlanta for Delando Cepeda because they felt Mike Epstein could not hit left-handed pitchers. Epstein promptly started banging out hits against everybody, 579 against left-handers and 364 against right-handers, and Cepeda, who had complained that the Braves did not play him enough, was on the bench again.

The Chicago White Sox lost two consecutive games at home for the first time this season—then lost two more. Manager Chuck Tanner, perhaps trying to solve any Dick Allen problems before they arose, had allowed all the White Sox to skip batting practice for several games. The Sox fell 2-1, 1-0 and 2-1 to the Orioles, and Tanner ordered everybody back to the batting cage.

Frank Quilici replaced Bill Rigney as man-

ager of the Minnesota Twins as President Cal Griffith appeared to be trying to soothe Minnesota fans who still have not forgiven him for firing Billy Martin two years ago. The Twins greeted their new skipper by defeating the Yanks 5-2.

When he was traded by the Mets to the Angels, Nolan Ryan brought some rattlesnake oil with him from New York in case he suffered arm trouble in California. So far Ryan has found winning easier enough. His untested arm produced his 10th victory last week.

Texas fell 15½ games out of first and helped revitalize Cleveland, which had lost eight straight before the Rangers visited. Result: three in a row for the Indians.

OAK 47-27 CRI 42-32 MINN 37-30
KC 38-37 CAL 32-42 TEX 32-43

NL EAST

The Mets' Tom Seaver gave the Fourth of July crowd at Shea Stadium plenty of fireworks. Going into the ninth inning against the San Diego Padres, Seaver had a no-hitter; coming out of it he had a one-hit 2-0 victory. The spoiler was Leron Lee, who punched a broken bat single into centerfield with one out. For Seaver, who picked up his 11th win, it was his second 8½-inning no-hitter. In 1969 the Chicago Cubs' Jimmy Qualls singled to left center with one out in the ninth to break up a perfect game for the Met pitcher.

After beating Chicago three straight at Three Rivers Stadium the Pirates hit the road, but opened up a three-game lead over the Mets. Pittsburgh left Houston and Atlanta startled—or was it *Scorgelled*? The Braves' slugging Willie blasted two home runs, and both led to victories as the Pirates won six of eight. And the Cardinals continued soaring. Reggie Cleveland pitched his sixth straight win as St. Louis improved its record to 16 wins in its last 18 games.

On the hapless Phillies, even the coaching staff was charged with an error. Pitching coach Ray Ruppelmeier marched to the mound during a tense moment of a game against San Francisco to give reliever Darrell Brandon advice on how to pitch to Giant Dave Kingman. As Ruppelmeier returned to the dugout, Brandon called out a question. The coach paused, then marched back to the mound to answer, a maneuver which drew a quick reply from Umpire Nick Cobos. The umpire ruled Ruppelmeier was making his second visit of the inning to Brandon. Enforcing a special ruling covering situations in which two visits are made to the same pitcher during one batter's turn, Cobos allowed Brandon, by now doubly informed on how to handle Kingman, to pitch to the Giant slugger. As soon as all the Phillies' strategy had finished with Kingman—who (ugh) walked—Cobos threw Brandon,

Ruppelmeier and Manager Frank Lucchesi out of the game, as the rule requires.

At the start of the season Montreal President John McHale said: "One of these years we are going to get lucky on the weather." Not this year, John. A heavy storm washed out a big doubleheader against the Mets, and the Expos looked as if they might not draw a million customers for the first time in their four-year history.

The Cub slump (10 losses in their last 15 games) continued although Joe Pepitone beat the Reds with his first home run since coming out of retirement.

PIT 47-27 NY 44-36 ST. L. 40-34
CIN 38-36 MONT 32-42 PHIL 26-46

NL WEST

Houston dropped five of seven, compiling the only losing record for the week in its division. Earlier in the year the Astros had been celebrated as the "Glass-House Gang," but now the opposition is beginning to find you can rock the team that plays in the dome. The most painful pelting came in a 17-inning 7-3 loss to Pittsburgh. "A game like this kills you," said Third Baseman Doug Rader prophetically after the defeat. Houston lost the next two nights to St. Louis, scoring one run in each game.

Johnny Bench continued his run-producing revival for Cincinnati. Bench, who knocked in only 61 runs last season, excelled that total on the same day Gary Nolan won his 12th game. Bench batted in two of the Reds' runs in the 3-2 victory, giving him a league-leading total of 63 RBIs.

The Braves' fourth-largest crowd ever (50,600 fans) filled into Atlanta Stadium to watch Denny McLain pitch for his third team—and league—of the season. Arriving from the Oakland A's via Birmingham of the Southern League, McLain was surprised by the standing ovation when he took the mound. "I've never had a feeling like that," said Denny. "After all those cheers, I could have gotten the saints in heaven out." The saints apparently felt benevolent toward McLain, too. When a heavy rain ended the game in the eighth inning, the score was tied at 3-3—but the Chicago Cubs had two runners on base and nobody out.

With strike-slumping Los Angeles splitting six games, Dodger fans began criticizing 18-year Manager Walter Alton. They should have checked with the team doctor first, because the Dodgers' biggest problem is fielding nine healthy men. Frank Robinson, Willie Davis and Bobby Valentine all missed games with injuries. For a change, both San Francisco and San Diego enjoyed successful weeks. The Giants won four of six while the Padres took four of seven.

CIN 48-36 HOU 44-32 LA 30-36
ATL 38-41 SF 30-48 SD 28-48



Land of the rising daughters

Golf is Japan's latest boom, and the imports, led by Chako Higuchi, have already hit the LPGA tour

It was just a few weeks ago that America's ambassador of conviviality, Henry The K, visited Japan, blithely continuing to lousen the country's diplomatic posture from straitlaced to unlaced. But when it comes to exporting, the Japanese are hard to beat. They sent a quartet of swinging ambassadors of their own over here, all of them with low handicaps.

Four Japanese women golfers competed on the Ladies Professional Golf Association tour this year and did quite well. The arrival of the Japanese women was hardly a shock, for their countrymen have been making inroads into international golf for some time. When

Pete Nakamura won the World Cup in Tokyo in 1957, golf in Japan began to match the country's postwar industrial boom. Then, six years ago, the World Cup was held in Tokyo again, and this time Hideyo Sugimoto and George Knudson for individual honors before losing in a playoff. Suddenly the fervent Japanese were really ready to take to the sticks. Today there are about 650 golf courses in the country, most of them in the less-populated mountainous regions. The courses are not nearly numerous enough to permit all of Japan's 10 million golfers to tee up, but many of them are content to "play" their games at the capacious driving range complexes.

The country now has two outstanding men professionals, Takaaki Kono and Masashi Ozaki, both of whom participated in the 1972 Masters. It has the fastest-growing major professional golf tour in the world—prize money has risen from \$270,000 to \$1.15 million in three years. And it will host this year's richest golf tournament anywhere, a \$300,000 event in October. The \$60,000 winner's purse may make even the most jaded American professional buy himself a ticket on Japan Air Lines.

And now Japanese women are turning out to be more than caddies. "After the war two things got stronger in Japan: nylon stockings and women," says Steve Kawaguchi, the interpreter who traveled with the Japanese golfers throughout their three-month stay in America. "Women's Liberation is not so well organized in Japan, but there are many henpecked husbands in Japan."

Two of the players, Chako Higuchi and Marbo Sasaki, are sponsored by R. K. Mizuno Sporting Goods, the world's fourth largest sporting equipment company. The firm pays all their expenses and the golfers keep their winnings. It was this pair's third visit to America, and this time they brought along a pair of promising associates, Sayoko Yamazaki and Etsuko Nakamura, both 25. Suddenly LPGA golf scores began to look as if newspaper typesetting machines had revolted.

Last week Miss Sasaki and Miss Higuchi returned to Japan. Yamazaki and Nakamura already were back in the country, having left before the U.S. Women's Open two weeks ago. Their

tour had proved both disappointing and agreeable. The newcomers did reasonably well. Miss Yamazaki was among the leaders for three rounds in the LPGA Championship before a bad last day dropped her into a tie for 16th. The more experienced Misses Higuchi and Sasaki had mixed results. Miss Sasaki won nearly \$1,700 in the seven tournaments she played, but Miss Higuchi was suffering from the aftereffects of an appendectomy she had in March and won only \$1,200 in four tournaments. Last year she collected almost \$10,000 in 10 American events and finished second in the Heritage Open; her average money won per tournament was exceeded by only eight U.S. professionals. She is regarded as the top woman golfer in Japan and has won the Japanese Women's Open three times since the women's division of the Japanese PGA was formed in 1967. The women's PGA has approximately 60 members, and there are four tournaments a year, with the top purse \$6,000.

One thing the Japanese girls have not brought to the U.S. is a classic form. Only Miss Sasaki swings the golf club in the generally accepted American manner, with her head anchored in one position. The other three all take the club back in a precise swaying motion, pause momentarily at the top of their swings, and then sway back into the shot with a delicate, perfectly timed movement. The three nonconformists all get respectable distances from their shots.

"They violate every rule we've been taught," says Dede Owens, an American professional, "but they're fantastic wedge players. And I think Higuchi would rather be in a trap than on the green."

The Japanese are only average in size when compared to American women, but they are considered giants in their own country. Miss Sasaki, who is 5' 6", complains she cannot find a Japanese man as tall as she. In turn, the women are awed by the size of some of the LPGA players, a few of whom approach or top six feet. And they are also struck by the fact that so many of the past-30 players on the American tour still are good golfers. "When we talk about viewing Mickey Wright from a Japanese sense, she is regarded as an old lady but she still has great power," says Miss

continued

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Sasaki about Miss Wright, who is only in her mid-30s.

"When I came here for the first time," says Miss Higuchi, "there was a tournament in St. Louis and I played with JoAnne Carner. I was awed by how far she can hit the ball—further than the Japanese men pros."

None of the players speaks English fluently, but each has a limited understanding of the language. On the course Japanese and Americans engage in a lot of hand waving to indicate whose turn it is to play a shot. Still, with their limited vocabulary the visitors are able to compliment their competitors on good shots and commiserate with them on poor luck. They also understand when asked about pars, birdies or bogeys; the terms are the same in Japanese as they are in English.

Sometimes the language barrier is useful, as when the visitors are bothered excessively by male admirers or when they are perplexed by personal questions. They frequently fib about their ages during interviews, Marbo claiming to be 25 years old while Chako says she is only 23. However, Chako is really 26 and Marbo is 28. "Every American player doesn't tell her true age either," shrugs their interpreter.

As of now, a major invasion of Japanese women is not expected on the LPGA circuit. "The expense for coming over here is big," explains Chako. "For players without sponsorship it is financially difficult to afford traveling here."

Besides the expense, one of the basic problems for the visitors is finding a place to eat. "Every time we visit a different city the first job is to find a Japanese restaurant," says their interpreter. "It is especially important for them to eat Japanese food on the day before a tournament because they need good food for power."

Only now, after three visits to America, are the veterans settling into a comfortable routine. They are able to communicate to some extent with their competitors and the gallery. They know how to work the coin-operated washers and driers at the laundromats, and they can order power-packed American foods when unable to find a Japanese restaurant. There is one remaining problem. They have not yet won an LPGA tournament. The day will come, swaying backswing and all.

END

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So they said, 'Let George do it.' He did

The Porsche was only beginning to prove its potential as a Can-Am threat when a smashup wrecked both the machine and its driver, Mark Donohue. But no matter, for just when all seemed lost, it turned out to be won

It was a scene of domestic tranquility that might gladden the heart of any American—or any Canadian, for that matter. On the eve of qualifying for last week's Can-Am race at Road Atlanta, the indomitable duos of Team McLaren were barbecuing steaks and forging strategy behind their motel. Smoke from the sizzling beef ascended into the McLaren-orange sunset like a propitiatory offering while Denny Hulme and Peter Revson discussed timing. "When should we take that extra second off our lap times?" asked Revy. "In the morning? Or should we wait until the last minute of qualifying?" Hulme rolled a mouthful of Cold Duck over his tongue and stared away through the turpentine pines at a cemetery across the valley. A funeral was in progress. The pallbearers trudged among the tombstones like ants bringing a June bug back to the larver. "I dunno," said Denny finally. "We can do it whenever we choose. Let's see how we feel in the morning."

There was no reason to question that confidence. Rarely has any sport been so thoroughly dominated by a single team the way the Canadian-American Challenge Cup series has been dominated by the McLarens. Not even the Lombardi Packers could put together five years of back-to-back victories with the same panache this team has. Granted the competition has been weak, though last year Jackie Stewart came into Can-Am with blood in his eye and won two of the 10 races in his L&M Lola—an unheard-of affront to McLaren hegemony. So the team promptly signed Stewart to race Can-Am this season, proving the old racing adage: if they beat you, lure 'em. This move freed Revson—who won the championship last year, the first American driver ever to do so—to run Formula 1 and Indianapolis-type races for the team. But Stewart developed a bleeding ulcer, the inevitable result of a racing-personal appearance

schedule that would have done in any lesser man, and last week announced his withdrawal from Can-Am. Instead, he will devote the rest of his stomach lining to winning his third Grand Prix world championship. That put Revy back in the driver's seat at Road Atlanta, one of the five races he won last year on his way to the Can-Am title.

Still, it did not solve the major problem confronting Team McLaren—the new German-American challenge mounted by Porsche and Roger Penske. With its domination of endurance racing ended last year by an FIA ruling that reduced engine size to three liters, Porsche began looking for another motorized world to conquer. Can-Am, with its million dollars in purses and its vacuum—apart from McLaren—of quality competition, was a natural. And what better choice to run the program than the squeaky-clean Roger Penske and his finely tooled driver, Mark Donohue?

The weapon forged by the gnomes of Stuttgart was a radically new construction that would require all of the renowned Penske-Donohue engineering know-how. Rather than retoc to build a massive stock-block engine as powerful as the nine-liter Chevrolet power plants of the McLaren cars, Porsche chose to mount a 12-cylinder, five-liter engine in its new car and turbocharge it. The addition of turbochargers, now routine on cars that race on oval tracks such as Indianapolis, adds immensely to horsepower. But a "blown" or turbocharged engine suffers from a disease known as throttle lag. On an Indy-type course, with only four corners, this is not a major drawback, but on a twisting circuit like Road Atlanta, which has 12 turns plus bottomless hills and topless valleys, the momentary hesitation of a turbine in getting back up to full rotary speed after a driver backs off for a corner should add up to defeat. Somehow the Porsche folks

whipped the throttle-lag problem—certainly Penske wasn't saying how, and even if he did it is doubtful that anyone could understand him—and in tests at Road Atlanta last winter Donohue easily broke the existing lap record over the 2.52-mile course by better than a second. In this year's first Can-Am event at Mosport, Donohue won the pole hands down over the Gulf-McLarens and was leading the race when a valve stuck in the turbocharger. It took three costly minutes to isolate the problem during a pit stop, but only a few drops of oil to solve it. Donohue made up two laps on the McLarens and finally finished second to Denny Hulme—a remarkable showing for a car on its first time out in heavy competition.

So Road Atlanta seemed to be the place where the new L&M Porsche-Audi blitzkrieg would finally strike. But then, during testing early in the week before the race, apparent disaster struck instead. "This course is mean on brakes," Penske said later, "so I added some air scoops on the rear to cool them. The drag proved to be too much." Donohue was rolling along at 180 mph on the long back straightaway near Turn Nine when the rear end of the car's body suddenly ripped away.

Ironically, it was the same type of failure that had taken Bruce McLaren's life at Goodwood in England two years ago. Without the downforce generated by the car's rear wing, the Porsche went out of control. But where McLaren had collided with an immovable object—a course marshal's brick pillar—Donohue hit a slightly more flexible dirt embankment. The Porsche flipped twice, throwing up an ominous cloud of red Georgia dirt. The front end of the car was totally demolished—the steering wheel ended up 20 yards down the road—but Donohue emerged with nothing apparently more serious than torn ligaments in his left knee.

That was serious enough to put Donohue out of the Road Atlanta race, however. When the knee failed to respond to whirlpool therapy, he did what countless football players have done before him: he signed up for a knee job. Fortunately there was an excellent knife at hand, Dr. James A. Funk of the Atlanta Falcons, the man who put Linebacker Tommy Nobis back on his feet. Even at that, it will be nearly four months before Donohue can pump a clutch again. "You know," said Penske wonderingly, "that's the first serious crash that Mark's ever had." He left unstated the fact that Donohue is lucky to be alive.

But Penske never quits. He still had a backup car and the engine from the wrecked machine. All he needed now was another driver. While his wrenches worked overtime (as usual) preparing the second car, Roger got on the

phone to George Follmer, the cantankerous road racer from Arcadia, Calif., who just last week sewed up the Trans-Am championship in his Roy Woods Javelin. Follmer, 38, is one of the most underrated drivers in U.S. racing—a rather stolid, brack-topped individualist whose reluctance to take orders from owners and team managers has cost him rides in the best machinery. But even with second-line equipment he has proved himself a more than competent journeyman, if not quite a master. Needless to say, he was delighted to drive the Penske Porsche, even though he had never raced at the Road Atlanta course before.

Penske solved that problem quickly: he had Follmer out on the circuit at 6:30 the morning after he arrived. Grudgeous George proved to be a quick study. Within 19 laps he had broken

continued



PACKAGED INTO THE NEW PORSCHE, GEORGE FOLLMER, AFTER COMPARING NOTES WITH INJURED DRIVER DONOHUE, FLASHES TO VICTORY



the existing record of 1:17.4 with a clocking in the mid-16s, and although the McLarens of Hulme and Revson were still quicker, there was no question now that Follmer was a threat. When Driver Milt Minter suddenly discovered that Follmer was in the Porsche, he said to Penske: "I thought you were smarter than that." Roger merely showed Minter his stopwatch and walked away, grinning. By the end of the first afternoon's practice, Follmer and the Porsche were fastest of all, with a clocking of 1:14.888—better than 120 miles an hour.

Not that such a speed bothered the McLarens. Hulme and Revson were toying with Penske, well aware that they had yet to push their cars to the limit. But the possibility of a Porsche upset gave the race fans plenty to talk about over their poolside drinks that night. The smart money reckoned that despite Follmer's considerable learning skills, the subtleties of the Porsche would ultimately defeat him. "This is

a car that needs an engineer to drive it," said one sapient enthusiast, "and Mark is an engineer. Like it or not, George isn't."

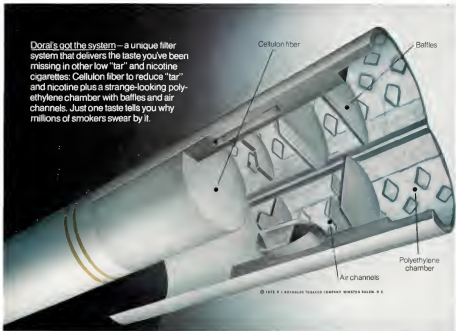
But even without the high drama of the Porsche shift, there was still one other driver to consider. François Cevert was on hand, driving one of Gregg Young's year-old McLarens, the same one Revy drove to the championship. Cevert, Stewart's teammate on the Formula 1 circuit, won last year's U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen and is a smooth, enthusiastic lion in a racing car.

But young lions aside, sure enough, came qualifying day and the McLaren drivers showed their stuff in the final moments—a period also punctuated by a spectacular scare for Revson. After working his lap times down through the 1:15 barrier to a creditable 1:14.465 (121.92 mph), and with less than half an hour of qualifying time left, Revy set his sights on the inviolate 1:14 mark. Then, just as he got

on the throttle at the end of the start-finish straight, his engine seized and exploded like a frag grenade. "Smoke came boiling into the cockpit and I couldn't see a thing," he said later. "All I knew was that the car was fish-tailing like a foul-hooked marlin and I was going into Turn One with that damned red-dirt embankment there, and I was totally out of control. I just stood on everything, didn't even declutch so as to save what engine braking was left. I wanted 'Stop!'—and right now." He got it, just in time. (And later, the McLaren engineering director, Tyler Alexander, was seen picking through the weeds of Turn One for bits and pieces of the blown motor. No sense in letting the competition see what you're building your pistons with.)

Meanwhile, Follmer was having his problems in shifting the L&M Porsche, but with only minutes left to qualify he finally got a near-perfect lap together. The official clocks said 1:14.163,

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or 122.41 mph. It looked like the Porsche had won the pole again, but then Denny Hulme ripped off a 1:14.134—just three-hundredths of a mile an hour faster. That put Hulme on the pole, with Follmer second and Revson third.

Race day broke hot and humid and ringing with only one question: Could Follmer, with nearly 150 horsepower more than the McLarens but less than 200 miles in the car, beat the unbeatable? If he could outdrag the McLarens at the start, get into the right-hand uphill climb out of Turn One ahead of them, then he could put the pressure on them with his superior speed on the straights. He was determined: "Even if it takes five pace laps, I'm gonna outdrag 'em." But could George keep the car on the road for 197 miles, what with that tricky throttle problem and the commensurate additional trickiness of gear problems?

At the green flag, Follmer did the

first thing required of him. He wound up his turbocharger with no waste motion and left the McLarens hanging from his tail wing. Then came an unexpected break: on the fourth lap, as he was exiting from the soft, left-hand virage of Turn Eight, Revson pulled off the road. Mechanical trouble. No sooner had Follmer absorbed that good news (by the time Revson got back in the race he was 21 laps behind) than he was belted with another dose. Coming through that same turn just a lap later, Denny Hulme's front end came unstuck from the track and he end-for-ended off the right side of the corner. Hulme was trapped in the car for minutes—a frightening prospect for all those who saw it, including Revson, who was among the first at the scene—but made it to the field hospital in good health, just a bit shook up. Now Follmer seemed to be home free, his only threat being Cevert in that year-old McLaren. Cevert dogged his tracks through traffic, but whenever Follmer

broke clear he extended his lead over the Frenchman with ease. Then Cevert pitted and was finished for the day. Later he gave a horrific description of Hulme's quarter-mile tumble: "We were hitting about 170 when he just went off the road. It was unbelievable, *Un Bombe!* Just a cloud of dust and quick orange flashes of the McLaren flipping through it. I didn't think he'd come out of that alive."

With Cevert gone, Follmer eased up for the remaining laps, rolling in with better than a one-lap margin on the field at an average speed of 113.9 mph. For a man with only 48 hours of practice in the most highly technological car in Can-Am racing, it was a fast Cinderella story. The heretofore indomitable McLarens had been beaten at last and the sports-car racing season suddenly took on new interest. There would be the strain and stimulation of a contest after all. But for right now, as Follmer said, with a rare smile, "This is a joy." **END**

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PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Strung across mountaintops and floundering into gulches are hordes of campers, but those toting kit bags bulging with creature comforts seldom find life in the woods as uplifting as they imagined by **BIL GILBERT**

One ugly, drizzly evening on the Appalachian ridge where I have spent too much of the last 15 years trying to trap and band migrating hawks, I got to thinking about how much of my life has been muspent under more or less similar circumstances—in the open, beyond roofs, electricity, plumbing, mattresses, engaged in what is sometimes called camping. The total number of days and nights was shocking, working out to some 40 a year for a quarter of a century. Some years have been worse than others. Once, while doing a study of coati-mundis in Arizona, I was out 250 days; and when I walked the 2,000-mile Appalachian Trail end to end it took 127 days. In the course of these excursions I had set up campsites all over America from Guatemala to the barren Arctic lands, from the High Sierras to the cold, jungly bogs of Maine.

Despite these carryings-on, I make no claim to having mastered a body of subtle lore that now enables me to live with ease and elegance out-of-doors. So far as I am concerned, camping is an exercise like daily commuting through heavy traffic, vacationing with children or shopping during the Christmas season in which one may possibly develop dumb endurance but not expertise. About all I can honestly claim is that I have not camped when I did not have to, I have not tried to convince myself—

continued





PACK UP *continued*

or worse, others—that the act of camping is a sport, a wholesome recreation and a fun thing. I go out into the wilderness because I am a natural-history writer and therefore—just as, say, professional basketball players have to spend a lot of time in airport lobbies—I spend a lot of time camping.

Every now and then there are some nice moments around a camp (as there sometimes are in lobbies)—an attractive scene, a certain kind of camaraderie, some soothing solitude—that are unavailable elsewhere. However, these are generally moments of relief, similar to those a housewife may experience at the end of a complicated, contentious 16-hour day. She takes a couple of aspirin, mixes a drink and sits down to watch *The Late Show*. The analogy is more literal than might be commonly believed. When all the woodsy-craftsy baloney is sliced, camping is simply housework without a house, conducted under the worst possible conditions. Most people who have gotten themselves into vocational predicaments where they are long and often in the boondocks—cowpunchers, prospectors, loggers, biologists, revenuers, moonshiners—have similar views. They regard primitive living as a disagreeable chore. They think and talk a lot about the next weekend or next month when they can get out of the

woods and head for cheap motels, bars or home. They have learned that it is possible to be warmer (or cooler), drier, cleaner, healthier and fuller in even the crummiest sections of civilization than in the best camp.

The situation was well summed up once by a biologist I know named Ivor. Some years ago four of us spent a few days canoeing down a West Virginia river, conducting an environmental survey of the valley in hopes of forestalling a proposed Corps of Engineers dam. On the first day it was hot and sultry, great weather for wood ticks and nettles. The last two days it rained and sleeted. On the final morning after we had enjoyed our eggs and mud, rolled up our soggy gear and wrung out our long johns, Ivor turned to the group and raised his arms like a symphony conductor or a cheerleader. "O.K., men, I want to hear it loud and clear. A one-a two-a three. WE ARE HAVING FUN!"

Anybody sitting comfortably at home reading fancy outfitters' catalogs should put them aside and devote himself to the contemplation of a fundamental sociological and historical truth, one which people actually in the habitat that outfitters speak so well of contemplate incessantly. The whole thrust of human activity, a principal and persistent goal of man, has been to escape the cave,

the igloo, the tepee, the bare earth and the raw elements.

Such notions are notably contrary to a large body of contemporary thought and behavior. Camping, ostensibly for pleasure, has become a very popular leisure-time activity, and outfitting recreational campers nowadays is a very big business. Rather than disproving the premise that camping itself is a wretched mess, this situation reflects our talent for self-delusion.

The notion that camping is a good and wholesome enterprise has complicated roots. Because we are romantic people there have always been a few among us who have played at being mountain men, swamp rats and beach-combers and have pretended that this life-style, which so many had to follow in the Good Old Days, is invigorating and enjoyable. In times past, some citizens may have regarded such behavior as theoretically uplifting, like reading the complete works of Henry James. But the vast majority apparently satisfied their urges in this direction with an occasional picnic.

Things changed for the worse following World War II. Coming across great piles of leftover military devices and materials with which and in which millions of Americans had been uncomfortable from the Sahara to the South Pacific, peddlers decided the gear could be unloaded on the domestic market. They were able to do so by appealing to Americans' latent illusions about camping. "Thanks to the wonders of modern technology, you, Mom and the Kiddies can camp out, have lots of Family Fun, reap the well-known benefits of Wild Places and still be as comfortable as in your own Home." This pitch, refined, disguised and repeated, has sold billions of dollars of nylon, foam and aluminum contraptions and lured millions of unsuspecting Americans into the horrors of camping for fun.

In furthest to the promoters of camping gear, it should be noted that there was at least an implied small-print section in their claims. "You can be comfortable in camp if you buy safari-type gear in safari-sized quantities." Even this disclaimer would be more accurate if it read "almost as comfortable." After all, the objective of most classical safaris was, by report, to get to the Treetops



Hotel as quickly as possible. However, it is generally true that if you move into the bush with beds, blankets, linen, a sizable wardrobe, stoves, lamps, tables, chairs, a well-stocked pantry, liquor cabinet and ice chest you can live almost as graciously as in a bad hotel. Furthermore, just as the pitchmen say, you can find most of the components for such a safari kit at your friendly outfitters or in his friendly catalog.

Two types took up the challenge of the do-it-yourself safari. The first were those who went whole hog and ended up with a complete camping (safari) kit filling their garage and basement. They then became aware of a critical omission. Even with plenty of gear you cannot have any sort of a safari without a dozen or so porters, a cook or two and some tent boys and/or a string of beasts of burden like elephants or camels. Domestic safari help and livestock are among the few items not available in camp stores and catalogs.

Faced with this dilemma, owners of large stocks of camping gear compromised. They kept all the sleek, romantic-looking equipment but gave up camping and became out-of-car-doors men. Not being able to locate porters, they bought trailers and motor homes, loaded their impedimenta into them and drove off to macadamized public and private campgrounds where the scenery and general tone is approximately that of a supermarket parking lot. There, for various lengths of time, they lived out of their vehicles, using their safari kit. The activities of out-of-car-doors men may seem a bit eccentric, but it is a pastime that harmlessly occupies an increasing number of people and in a constructive way saves them from the anguish of camping.

The second group consisted of the purists who steadfastly clung to the idea that real camping, living in the open beyond roads and other civilized amenities, could be fun and could be done in comfort. They were assiduously encouraged in this preposterous fallacy by what might be called the High Camp division of the safari-gear industry. In High Camp stores, salesmen wear Italian lug-soled boots and—as protection against the air conditioning—nylon windbreakers with rappel patches on the shoulders. High Camp catalogs are the ones whose

covers are adorned with four-color photographs of climbers completing a complicated Prusik up the sheer face of Old Grumbly. In person or in print, High Camp peddlers whisper seductively, "Take a hike? Go on a canoe trip? Vacation in the woods? Why bless your down booties, of course you can. You can do it in safari comfort if you use quality gear, the kind of marvelous, lightweight, synthetic, folding gadgets that we have tested in the Himalayas." Those who buy High Camp goods and advice may at heart be more heroic than the out-of-car-doors men, but they also are more glib and as a rule a sorer, sadder group.

The sorriest High Campers I have ever known were three lawyers. We met early one evening at a lean-to on the Appalachian Trail a few miles north of Damascus, Va., in the Blue Ridge. The three men, two from New York, the other from Houston, had been college friends and had kept in touch because of mutual business interests. Some two years earlier they had decided that it would be a fine, free and healthy thing to get together and backpack along the trail. There had followed happy months of planning the outing, poring over catalogs and finally buying and admiring their High Camp gear. When we met they were carrying in their genuine Alpine packs or about their expensively booted, jacketed, pantied persons the results of all this thought and research. Each man had among other things a flashlight, hatchet, hunting knife, propane lantern, a filled gallon canteen, a leather booze flask, battery operated razor, a beautiful sleeping bag good to 40° below, three extra pairs of pants, several jackets and shirts, foul-weather gear and enough socks and underwear to change every other day. Communitally, they lugged a four-man tent, a two-burner gas stove and a collapsible oven. Their chuck was plentiful and elegant, including a lot of dehydrated gourmet dishes like Turkey Souffle with Mushrooms wrapped in plastic and aluminum packets. The man from Houston had been in charge of food planning and had Xeroxed copies of the menu (it would not have been pretentious embossed in gold) that outlined what would be eaten and when, down to the last snack. All told, it appeared that the packs each weighed

continued

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PACK UP

approximately 70 pounds. The lawyers had planned to move this gear and themselves along the mountain trail at the rate of 20 miles a day, ending up 200 miles north of Damascus at a highway intersection. There their wives, who were spending the 30 days at the Greenbrier, would pick them up.

I met them at the end of their first day, during which they had covered a hard five miles. They staggered to the lean-to shortly after nightfall, hideously blistered and dangerously exhausted. They flopped on the bare earth floor under the overhang and lay there beyond caring or pride. Thinking to give them a little privacy in their anguish, I went out, stirred up the remains of my fire, walked slowly down to the spring and filled a pot with cold water. When I got back they were staring feebly, unharnessing themselves and gingerly removing their boots. One of the New Yorkers found his bourbon, which we mixed with spring water and drank quickly and often. Later, since the menu called for, among other goodies, buttered biscuits, the Houston fellow made a halfhearted attempt to put together the collapsible oven. He gave up shortly, and the three men chased the bourbon with some cocktail crackers they carried and a bit of burned rice that was left in my skillet.

The next morning they began an agonizing reappraisal of their equipment with the result that about 50 pounds and \$500 worth of very High Camp gear was abandoned at the lean-to. The collapsible oven was among the first items jettisoned. Before we parted I promised that when I crossed a road sometime the next day I would find a phone, call the Greenbrier and deliver a message to their wives that the men wished to be picked up five days and 150 miles earlier than they had originally planned.

The point is not that these three lawyers were comic, incompetent figures. They were personable, obviously intelligent and successful men. Nor were they abnormally soft and sluggish. They played some golf, tennis and squash and, for a month before the hike, each had jogged three mornings a week. Every bit of equipment they had was of the very best quality, cunningly designed, and had been recommended by some High Camp salesman or catalog as be-

ing indispensable to their outdoor comfort and convenience. This, of course, was their undoing. They had bought, along with a lot of High Camp gear, the High Camp premise that if you use your reason and checkbook you can equip yourself with enough devices to make camping appealing and comfortable. This premise is fallacious, almost criminally so. There is nothing that will make camping in any place or sort of weather easy, agreeable and entertaining. Anybody who claims differently is either trying to sell you something or lure you into a situation in which you will be as miserable as he has been.

Having learned these truths in very hard ways, the experienced woodsman does not try to be comfortable while camping. He knows this is a physical and logical impossibility. His aim is to do as little camping as possible, thus freeing his mind and body for the pursuit of whatever real or imaginary objective—cows, copper, cootamundis, scenery—brought him into the woods. He accomplishes this by religiously obeying certain simple rules of conduct. The first commandment is: AVOID MOVING HEAVY OBJECTS (Corollary: a very few light objects combined very quickly become a heavy object.)

As a general rule of thumb, anyone who takes into the backwoods on his back, in a canoe or even on a horse more than 35 pounds of anything is asking for aches and aggravations. It is not simply a matter of the initial carry. Things also must be unpacked, arranged and repacked, invariably in sharply inclined, muddy, rocky and briery places. Since nothing will eliminate all discomfort, what you take with you as long as it weighs less than 35 pounds does not make much difference. Take whatever turns you on—booze, electric razors, collapsible ovens.

Prior to meeting the three lawyers I encountered in the vicinity of Clingmans Dome in the Great Smokies park a young man who said I could call him the Strider. (The works of J.R.R. Tolkien were then popular with restless youth.) I met the Strider at a point where the trail intersected a highway and where he had dismounted from a bus which he said he had ridden from Denver. His stated intention was to walk from Clingmans Dome, the highest point east of the Mis-

continued

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PACK UP *continued*

Mississippi, to Key West, Fla., the lowest. (I do not know if his geographical facts were accurate, much less why he wanted to do this. I could see, for example, Key West as the southernmost . . . etc., but hardly the lowest. No matter. Why people do anything in the bush is altogether another mystery. I have heard of—in fact, been involved in—far more peculiar projects than the Strider's.) While we talked, the Strider transferred his possessions from a cardboard suitcase, which he had carried on the bus and which he now kicked into a ditch, to a Boy Scout knapsack. His belongings were three new aloha-type Hawaiian shirts, two loaves of ordinary commercial bread, a roll of aluminum foil, a hunting knife and an electric clock. That was all. At my request the Strider explained his choice of camp gear. "The bread is so I will remember the terrible taste of civilization. The shirts are for morale. When I get depressed I will put on one of them and that should cheer me up. The knife is to throw at small game, which I plan to cook in the aluminum foil. The electric clock my mother gave me as a present." I have always remembered the Strider as an original philosopher of camp. He was a bit freshish, but he had isolated the critical principle, anything goes as long as it weighs less than 35 pounds.

There are a great many items which seduce the innocent into violations of the 35-pound rule. They include:

- Axes, machetes and saws. People carry these implements because they look woody and tough. They are largely useless and always heavy. There is no place where dry wood is available and can be burned legally where there is not enough of it on the ground for a small fire. It can be broken into suitable lengths by tromping on it.
- Stoves. An entire High Camp subsidiary is devoted to manufacturing and selling compact, lightweight stoves. Nobody has made an effective one that does not need gas, which must be carried, and no one makes a stove that weighs less than a match. Due to their compactness, there is no stove on which you can cook a meal as easily and rapidly as you can on a wood fire. Money can be made betting on that proposition. If no wood is available, cold meals are better for you.

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PACK UP continued

- Gas lanterns. There is little to be seen in the wilderness at night. If there are things to be seen you will probably sleep better if you do not see them. If you want to read a book or write letters, stay home where there are tables and good lights.

- Tents. Tents are generally a nuisance. High Camp suppliers push a great variety of lightweight models. None of them are waterproof (the High Camp code word for leaky is "moisture resistant") unless the first tent is covered by a second tent, something called a rain fly. If you don't like being wet, wrap up in a rubber poncho. If this sounds uncomfortable, it is, but that is camping. Also, it is no more uncomfortable than seven pounds of tent and rain fly, and it is considerably less dangerous. There is no risk of being strangled by a nylon rope or impaled by an aluminum rod.

- Ostentatious cold-weather gear. A pound of feathers weighs just as much as a pound of lead. Few people camp in places where they need enough feathers to keep warm at 40° below. However, there are probably more down sleeping bags, parkas, booties and mitts used in California or Ohio or Virginia than there are north of the Arctic Circle.

A second law of camping is: BE SLOVENLY. It is not possible to be neat, clean and orderly while living outdoors. It is not desirable to try. A layer of filth is antiseptic and protects the body from small briars and insects. Anyone who cannot go a week without changing socks or a month in the same pants and shirt should stay in a laundromat and shower country. A convenient place to carry grease is in the bottom of a cooking pot. Ptomane poisoning is a less serious affliction than a hernia or a nervous breakdown, both of which commonly strike those fastidious campers who try to stay clean or worry about being filthy.

A good way to tell a High Camper from an experienced one is to examine his pack. That of the High Camper will look and weigh like a file cabinet. The pack will be divided into half a dozen permanent compartments. These pockets will contain many aluminum, rubber and plastic cases and bags into which, in the false interests of symmetry and or-

ganization, High Camp gear is stuffed. The experienced camper will carry some sort of a sack with straps. In this will be mixed dirty socks, greasy pans, bed-roll, ripe cheese, tobacco and free-flowing rice. When it comes time to stop, the veteran simply dumps his bag of trash upside down, selects what he needs and starts the distasteful business of camping. The High Camper will still be consulting his index cards.

The third commandment of camping is: EAT BADLY. Gourmet campfire cooking is a contradiction in terms. If you like to eat well, stay on trails blazed with American Express signs. In High Camp stores there are shelves heaped with bulky packets of exotically labeled, dehydrated foods—Turkey Souffle, Rare Roast Beef, Strawberry Mousse and the like. Once you open the Turkey Souffle kit you will find it contains half a dozen smaller envelopes of powders, each covered with obscure instructions that are often printed in Swedish. It may take an hour or so (longer if you use a High Camp gas stove) plus many pans to boil up and mix these ingredients. When you are finished, the Turkey Souffle tastes like the Rare Roast Beef or the Strawberry Mousse.

Rice is a good camp food. If you don't think you can survive eating rice three times a day, reflect upon the Viet Cong. Unseasoned, overcooked rice tastes like absolutely nothing, which is an excellent property in camp food. Nobody should live to eat, rather eat to live. If you are a sussy, noodles, powdered fruit juice, beef jerky, tea and salt can be added. They can be purchased in any grocery store at half the price of High Camp grub.

Anyone interested in a practical but exotic camp diet might consider that of a botanist named Donovan. Donovan spends his summers collecting in the Sierra Madres of Mexico. He stays out 10 days or so at a time and always carries the same foodstuff—a quart of gin and two dozen hard-boiled eggs. He claims it is the least disagreeable and most convenient and nutritional camp menu ever developed.

The final law of camping comes under the heading: ESSENTIAL EQUIPMENT. Experienced campers always enter the woods with a stoical attitude and in a mood of resignation. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 4-10

BOATING—BILL STERETT JR., driving his Yale of Pay 'N Pak at 100.90 mph, won the Pacifi-
c's Cup Regatta off western Washington on the Puget Sound in Washington (page 20).

BOXING—BEN VILLALBA, world junior light-
weight champion, scored a 11-0 over C-6000 fan-
tasy of Mexico in the third round of a notable
fight in Honolulu.

BOXING—RUTH WHITE, 29, became the first
woman to win two national boxing titles before
her 31st birthday when she took the gold crown in
Waltham, Mass. ALEX ORBAN won the men's
saber title for the fourth consecutive time, defend-
ing champion JAMES MIELCHER took the epee
and RORY FREEMAN, a 19-year-old in the Marine
Corps, captured the foil. All made the Olympic
team. Other qualifiers included the 1972 N.C.A.A.
foil title, Yusef Saifan, and former Olympians
Harriet King, Steve Nasher (epee) and Jack Kinn
and Al Marzetta (saber).

COLF—GAY BREWER gained his first victory
over the 1967 Masters when he took a 6-and-4 over
for a 272 total and a one-stroke win in the
\$150,000 Canadian Open at Cherry Hill in Kel-
owna, Ontario.

DICK STOREY, a 64-year-old Scottish business-
man, shot a finished 70 for a 293 total to cap-
ture the International Senior Amateur Golf Cham-
pionship at Glenageary, Scotland.

HORSE RACING—KEY TO THE MINT (\$12,400)
took the track record of 1:54.1 for 1 1/4 miles to win
the \$111,100 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct. A
lot of only two 3-year-olds in the field—the other, Fran-
cisco, finished last—the nonstarter was nearest rival,
Aurora, who finished 10th.

BASEBALL—MR. JET MOORE (\$3,800) took 400
yards through the rain in 15:70 seconds to win the
\$253,300 Kinsmen Derby at Radium Beach, Wis.,
N. Me., by 1 1/2 lengths over Alexander Angel.

BIGGARD—GERARD resumed training, taking
his 14th straight race and a victory's purse of
\$79,200 when he scored a one-length victory over
Gold Red in the \$117,316 Eclipse Stakes at San-
doz Park, England.

Bill Shoemaker, who had not won in his last 18
stakes races, guided BUCKBURN (\$39,400) to a 2 1/2-
length triumph over Sledge Agency in the \$81,500
American Handicap at Hollywood Park. Later in
the week at the same track he rode BILLY CIR-
CLES (\$7,600) to a 10-length victory over Manta in
the \$64,600 Beverly Hills Handicap. Typhoon, who
carried top weights of 127, 123 pounds more than
the winner, finished third.

MOTOR SPORTS—GEORGE FOLLMER, driving
aerated Mark Donohue's JAM Porsche-Audi, ac-
quired 113.8 mph in his Road Atlanta, the sec-
ond race at the S.C.C.A. Clubman-American Cham-
pions Cup series, at Gainesville, Ga. (page 28).

DAVID PEARSON, a three-time winner of the
NASCAR Grand National Championship, sped
into the lead with five laps to go and held on to
win the first prize of \$13,150 in the Firecracker
400 at Cherokee Beach, Fla. Pearson's Pontiac
Mercury, which averaged 160.82 mph, crossed the
finish line less than one car length ahead of Rich-
ard Petty's STP Dodge.

SWIMMING—FRENCHMAN ALAIN COLAS brought Pen
Duck IV into Newport, R.I., after 29 days, 12
hours and 12 minutes on route from Plymouth, Eng-
land to win the ungleheaded Trans-Atlantic yacht
race. Manta was five days, eight hours faster than
Guiney Williams' 1961 second place J/1.

PEN QUICK III, a 57-foot sleep from France,
was declared the handicap winner of the Trans-Pacific
Tahiti yacht race. The 75-foot ketch Greyhound
was the first to complete the 3,771 miles from Los
Angeles to Papeete.

In Olympic Trials on Buzzards Bay in Man-
chester, ED BENNETT of San Francisco gained
an Olympic berth in the 100-meter and New York's
GLEN FORSTER qualified in the 100-meter close
ELI MUELLER of Zions, Wis., with his swim of
5:46. Allen and Bill Benetton, won the 500-yard trials
on San Francisco Bay.

TENNIS—FRANK SMITH and BILLIE JEAN KING
gave the United States its first sweep of Wimbledon
when Tony Trabert and Louise Brown re-
sponded the last in 1955 (page 22).

TRUCK RACING—JIM RYUN, running a 51.5 final
quarter, earned a berth for his third Olympic with
a 3:41.3 in his 100-meter sprint in the men's se-
mi-finals in Eugene, Ore. WILSON COLLETT took first
in the 400 meters in 44.3 while STEVE PRELON-
TAIN won his trip to Munich with a U.S. record
1:32.8 in the 3,000 meters (page 12).

MARLENE MANNING JACKSON moved to
victory in the 800-meter run at the Olympic trials
in Falmouth, Me., but placed fourth in the 400-meter
as KATHY HAMMOND sped to an American record
of 51.6. Other qualifiers with the American
records were PATTY JOHNSON with a 1:9 in
the 100-meter hurdles and FRANCES LARRUE
with a 4:16.4 in the 1,500 meters (page 16).

JANIS LUDEN of the U.S.S.R. bested Joyce Kim-
men's world javelin record of 304' 7" with
a throw of 307' 9", and Sweden's RICKY
BRUCH hurled the discus 224' 3" to equal Ameri-

can Jay Silvester's 30-year-old world record in
an international meet in Stockholm.

THE EAST GERMAN women's 1,600-meter relay
team broke its own world record by 5.4
seconds clocking at an East German-France meet
in Paris.

WILSONPORTS—HIRE: As coach of the ABA's Mem-
phis franchise, BOB BASS, 43, former coach of
the defunct ABA Portland.

HIRE: MARCEL PRONOVOST, 42, a defen-
sive defenseman and Toronto of the NHL for 21
years (1966-70), as coach of the World Hockey As-
sociation (Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh), former
coach of Toronto's Tulsa team club in the Central
Hockey League for the past three years, had been
passed over for the Maple Leaf job when John Mc-
Lellan was named and replaced last season.

HIRE: As manager of the Minnesota Twins, BILL
REGNEY, 53, after his team had fallen from an
early season lead to third place, 99 games out. Reg-
ney became the third Twins manager since 1960 as
he had an induction by club president Calvin Golf-
field. He led Minnesota to a division championship
in 1970, but the team slumped to fifth place last
year. Frank Quattrone, 55, a coach and former Twin
utility infielder with a 16-year major league av-
erage of 214, replaced Regney.

RESCHEDULED: The SCHAEFER 500, post-
poned in the wake of Hurricane Agnes, for July 29
at the Pocono International Raceway.

RETIRED: As coach of the M.L. Washington Club
became coach, BEN GORRETT MILLER, 38, af-
ter 11 years in which he compiled a 101-121 record
excluding five national club championships.

DIED: ZORA FOLLEY, 40, of a head injury suffered
in a fall at a motel swimming pool, in Tustin.
Randy the top teenage swimmer during
part of Flood Pittman's reign. Folley never earned
a shot at the title until March 22, 1967 when he
was knocked out in the seventh round of Ma-
hammad Ali's debut before being stopped by
his corner.

DIED: GEORGE SCHUSTER, 69, winner of the
"happiest state man," from New York across Amer-
ica and Siberia to Paris in 1926, in Soledad,
N.Y. Schuster drove his 70-horsepower Taurus
Flyer over the 13,900 miles, most of a roadless, in
169 days in three cars, three friends, a German
and an Indian.

CREDITS

5—Lee Hoffman, 12—Ned Lister (T), James Drake,
14—John Drake, 15—Ned Lister (T), 17—Tommy
Fleming, 18, 19—Dick Bartlett (D), John D. Fie-
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1063—John Drake

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

MR. JACK

Sirs:

Your article by Jack Nicklaus (*Do I Deserve To Be There?*, July 3) was, to say the least, superb. I was particularly pleased with Jack's comments on his preparation for a tournament. Very few people realize how hard he works, not only to prepare, but to maintain his competitive edge.

You gave the reader a chance to see Jack's reaction to his good shots as well as his feelings about the magnificent back nine at Pebble Beach which took apart the best golfers in the world.

DAVID E. CHAMPAGNE

Cohoes, N.Y.

Sirs:

Jack's play on the final day at Pebble Beach was a magnificent display of courage and depicted a true artist under the most extreme conditions. I have never seen finer golf under such intense pressure on a course which demands everything and gives up nothing.

Sharing with us his nightmarish feelings about its 17th and 18th holes certainly endeared us to Jack Nicklaus the man, not just a machine.

LEON D. FRIGARD, M.D.

Livermore, Calif.

Sirs:

As long as sports have been played, can you name the greatest hitter in baseball, the best quarterback in football, the quickest and strongest boxer, and so on down the list? And without argument? Gentlemen, we have no such dilemma in golf.

And all who have followed sports before us, and all who will follow them long after we are gone, may never be able to say, as we can, that they have witnessed the feats of a man who was the best that ever lived in his chosen profession. Thank you for this opportunity, Jack Nicklaus. Excuse me Mr. Jack Nicklaus.

ALAN GORDON

Jacksonville

NONGRADUATES

Sirs:

I enjoyed John Underwood's revealing piece on the seniors of Nebraska's football team (*The Graduates*, July 3). But the chosen title for the article is obviously a misnomer. Since only eight of the 19 seniors actually were eligible for degrees, a more accurate title would have been *The Non-graduates*.

ROBERT SEIDLHER

Lawrence, Mass.

HIGH AND BEAUTIFUL

Sirs:

Your small piece, *George is Right* (Scorecard, July 3), was exceptional. It was very refreshing to read about George Blanda, who needs no stimulation to play football. "All I need to get high for a game is to have somebody play the national anthem," says George. Beautiful!

FRED ZIPNIK

Salisbury, N.C.

PIRATE POWER

Sirs:

Your article praising the Pirates (*Four Murders in a Row*, July 3) brings to mind the comments after last year's World Series of Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver who said, "We still have the best damn team in baseball and we'll win 100 games next year." There is no doubt in my mind that the Pirates will win 100 games in 1972. The only question is whether they will do it before the end of July.

BRUCE PINCHILLA

Farmington, W.Va.

WHO'S IN CONTROL?

Sirs:

Re "Vote No" (Scorecard, June 19), I could not agree with you more that a Federal Sports Commission should not be established. Sports have a hard enough time policing and regulating themselves, and they know their problems better than anyone else. The farther one gets from the problem and its source the harder it is to effect a logical and reasonable solution. Congress could certainly be considered the epitome of the latter situation.

I sincerely hope that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, with its focus, audience and abilities, will do its best to help prevent government intervention in sport where it is not needed. You are in a situation where you not only represent the sports news media, you serve as a dam for the interested and involved fan. I certainly hope you continue to make known logical and reasonable opinions in the realm of all legislation involving the governing and operation of sports in America.

J. N. PENNELL

Chicago

Sirs:

Your recent SCORECARD comment that people who control sports, including fans, should abhor federal control of sports is hilarious. Since when do fans control sports? The misstatement of fans by the owners is exactly the reason why sports legislation is needed.

continued

Like most young men outside New York City in the 1940s, I always considered basketball strictly a winter sport. But in the spring of my freshman year at Syracuse my brother-in-law told me about the competition that operated throughout the so-called Borscht Belt of resort hotels in upstate New York. He suggested that I think about taking a summer job in one of the hotels and play on its team. A native New Yorker, he had played for George Washington University and had spent a couple of summers in the Catskills himself. It was fun, he assured me, and profitable as well. An enterprising water-basketball player could make himself \$1,500—not bad in those days for three months' work and play.

If you were an established Eastern college star or a promising freshman, you were usually approached by one of the hotels during the spring and invited to come to work that summer. The arrangement was that in addition to kitchen and dining-room chores you played on the hotel team two nights a week. Most of the hotels had their own mini-stadiums, some seating as many as 1,500 people. The game had grown popular in the Catskill resorts during the 1930s and early 1940s chiefly as a recreation for younger guests and as something for the hotel staff to do during off hours.

As play got more competitive, informal leagues were formed, and instead of relying on whatever talent showed up at the beginning of summer, hotels began recruiting players. The big contests—say, between Grossinger's and Kutscher's—were like college all-star games. Coaches were enthusiastic about the arrangements. After all, it kept their best players in good shape, maintained their competitive edge, provided them some spending money and generally kept them out of trouble. Or so it seemed.

My brother-in-law, who knew a hotel owner, helped arrange the interview that led to my job as a busboy in a medium-sized retreat in Loch Sheldrake in Sullivan County, the heartland of the resort area. The work proved more demanding than I expected: in addition to carrying dishes back and forth between the kitchen and dining room three

times a day, playing basketball two nights a week and "being available" for the vacationing secretaries, we were frequently put to work on such extracurricular tasks as folding and stacking chairs for guests attending the nightly show-time programs.

Practically all the basketball players recruited for the Borscht Circuit in the early days were graduates of New York City school yards—Dutch Garfinkel and Max Zaslofsky of St. John's, Ralph Kaplowitz and Sid Tannenbaum of NYU, Irv Torgoff and Irv Rothenberg of Long Island University, and Red Holzman and Sonny Hertzberg of City College, to name several.

After World War II some of the larger hotels began to lure players from other parts of the country. George Makan of De Paul worked and played at Klein's Hillside in Parkville. Cliff Hagen and Frank Ramsey of Kentucky took dishes at Kutscher's in Monticello, probably the most sports-minded of the Catskill hotels, where Duquesne's Chuck Cooper and Sihugo Green also played.

Bob Cousy, then at Holy Cross, sharpened his behind-the-back dribble and other manifold skills while a summer waiter at Tamarack Lodge in Greenfield Park. One of his teammates was Jack McMahon of St. John's. Easy Ed McAuley came all the way from Missouri to work and play for the old (and since destroyed) Ambassador. Cousy's playing coach at Tamarack for a time was Allie Sherman.

While teams from Grossinger's and Tamarack fielded crack varsity talent, many smaller resorts made do with capable but undistinguished collegians, many of them from freshman and junior varsity squads. My hotel had such a team. Our best player had been a hot-shot freshman at NYU for whom big things were predicted. Although he certainly impressed me, he somehow never quite lived up to his promise as a varsity player. The rest of our aggregation consisted of a freshman from City College, a junior varsity player from LIU, a CCNY dropout, a Wagner College varsity guard and a 6' 4" freshman from Stanford, our "big man." And, of course, me.

Basketball, Betting and Borscht

by JACK CAVANAUGH

Summer jobs in the Catskills developed some exotic talents in college players of the 1940s



BOB COUSY IN HIS BORSCHT DAYS

continued

I learned more about the game that first summer in the Catskills than in all my previous years of playing. For the first time, I was up against athletes from the tough, inventive playgrounds of New York City, playing a style that probably reached its height with the Knicks' championship team of two years ago. It was a rare opportunity for a player coming from less sophisticated parts. But then something strange began to happen. While most of the college players were busy working on their shooting and passing talents, some others were becoming proficient in the sinister art of missing.

It takes a certain perverse skill to miss convincingly on purpose. It also takes practice, and so it was that some of my colleagues began to spend their summer afternoons on a deserted court, where they worked not on their shooting but on their missing. Oblivious to the implications, I used to marvel at how they could dribble up to the basket and, with either hand, lay the ball up against the backboard and apparently into—and then out of—the basket. The maneuver required lots of English, so that the ball, after hitting the backboard, spun around the rim furiously before popping out. One of the players even developed the knack of making the ball rattle back and forth inside the rim before, almost as if by remote control, it suddenly catapulted upward, just clearing the front rim and dropping out. They would laugh at their successes, and we would laugh with them. Recalling it later, it didn't seem so funny.

Two factors contributed to the unsavory climate that began to surround basketball in the Borscht Belt in the late '40s. First was the ubiquitous presence of gamblers at most of the hotels. The second was the cynical attitude of many players who spent their summers there—a cynicism born of the master-servant relationship between the player and the hotel. The schedules made the games seem drudgery to most players, who objected to having to perform after working three meals in the dining room. Indeed, for a 9:30 home game you usually went directly from the dining room to the basketball court, stopping only at the staff dormitory to change into your uniform.

As for gamblers, they operated qu-

etly but effectively. They might begin to ingratiate themselves with a player-waiter by leaving big tips, or with flattery and offers to help the boy when he got back to New York. All it would take was a phone call to open the gates of paradise: nightclubs, clothes, free dinners with the girl friend. Most players never called, but the gamblers often did. Thus the relationship was renewed and the stage set for the scandals that followed. The easy morality of the Catskill competitions also helped.

Most of the hotels had betting pools on the games. Hungry for action of any kind (the harness track at Monticello didn't come until years later), most of the guests joined in enthusiastically. The money wasn't much by gamblers' standards—a dollar or so for a "chance" based on the aggregate score of that evening's game. The chance was a stamped slip of paper, drawn at random and containing a number, usually from 75 to 250. The slip that agreed with the total score would win the pool. If the lucky number had not been sold, guests were informed, everyone got his money back. Unfortunately, it didn't always work out that way.

For example, at one hotel the most valuable person on the bench was not a player or coach but the guy who kept score. In the last period of play, it was his responsibility to keep close tabs, on a clipboard list, of the unsold numbers in that night's pool. Late in the final quarter, a time-out would be called, and the nonplaying accountant would inform the players of all unsold numbers that were within reach. Thus, if the score were 82-64—it didn't matter in whose favor—and number 146 was clear, the home team would try to freeze the ball. (If there were still a couple of minutes remaining to be played, it was prudent to aim for the next highest unsold number to avert suspicion.)

In one game we were leading by about 20 points, with roughly a minute to play, when our score-watcher called time-out and informed us that the current aggregate score was unsold. We began our freeze, but soon there were cries of "Shoot! Shoot!" from guests who obviously held slightly higher numbers. Most of the other faces merely looked puzzled. Our opponents were well aware of our strategy and tried

to disrupt it, but on that night we held on and the game ended on the "open" score. The pool money ended up in the players' hands through the invention of a fictitious guest who was announced as the winner. The hotels themselves had no part in our machinations or, of course, in the more serious activities disclosed in the investigation of the fix scandals of the '50s. At worst, the hotels were guilty of blatant *mauvaise* in not doing a better job of policing the betting pools and the games themselves.

At the time, none among us seemed to have any qualms about our tawdry manipulations. The prevailing attitude was summed up with a shrug. After all, we didn't *throw* the game. We always played to win, and what the hell? Nobody was going to get hurt at a dollar a chance, and besides the odds were more than 175 to 1 against a better's winning anyhow. The final justification was that we only pulled this off every couple of weeks, so that most of our games were perfectly straight.

Of course, when the college point-shaving and dumping scandal was revealed in 1951, we were considerably sobered. We realized that perhaps this was how the mess had started in the first place. "A man is not honest simply because he never had a chance to steal," goes a Yiddish folk saying.

When some of the indicted players told investigators that they had first met fixers in the mountains, it was the beginning of the end of Borscht Belt basketball. Shortly thereafter, the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference ruled that any player from a member school who played basketball in the Catskills would lose his eligibility.

After a time, the games were revived at several hotels—notably Kutsher's, which still has an active team—and summer basketball has enjoyed a bit of revival among collegians. But those days of rampant competition seem gone forever. The scandals and the ECAC ruling cut off the wellspring of Catskill talent. Some hotels tried to keep the game alive by bringing in players from outside the East, but it was hopeless, and from then on the busboys and waiters who spent their summers in the Borscht Belt had more time for the vacationing secretaries. END



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But keep an eye on your watch because you'll want to be at the New Townhall by 11 a.m. for the clash of the mechanical knights.

Afterward, a stroll around the Marienplatz, Munich's central square. Every which way you turn there's a



A visitor's choice: Every morning, his hand receives a fresh bloom from the nearby flower market.

sight for your camera. The high-gabled houses and the imposing spire of St. Peter's Cathedral.

Enjoy a typically Bavarian lunch at the Peterhof-Gastwirtschaft and try their famous weisswurst (sausages unlike any you ever tasted back home). Wash it down with a foaming mug of Dunkel (slightly heavy, sweet beer). Even if you have trouble asking for the check, don't worry. The Money Card speaks an international language.

Keep your Money Card handy for a visit to the Rosenthal Studehaus at Theater Strasse 8. Here you'll find exceptional savings on this coveted china. Then, stop by Loden-Frey at Marienstrasse 7-9 for a gaily printed Damsel—a folk dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves and shirred neckline. It fits perfectly on the Money Card. (For other shopping ideas and restaurants, clip out the list at right.)

After a little more sightseeing your appetite should



High above Munich, the 96-foot Olympic Tower, complete with a rotating glass-walled observation room.

be in gear again. So you'll really be able to appreciate Humplinger's. Try the lobster in champagne-flavored white sauce. For the check, try the Money Card.

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The Marco Polo of the München Hilton is ideal for a nightclub. And of course, the Money Card will see to the check.

Next day rent a Hertz car (on the Money Card again—naturally), and drive out to see Nymphenburg—a baroque palace where the monarchs of Bavaria once summered.

In the next few days, squeeze in all you can. Olympic bonds. The Hofbräuhaus. (Order a "Mass" and see what you get.) And, of course, you won't want to miss the biggest event of the summer—the Olympics.

When you reluctantly leave Munich, head home on your favorite airline and on the Money Card. (It's good on virtually every scheduled airline in the world.)



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AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Money Card





The Senate Commerce Committee's hearing on a Federal Sports Commission has already indicated its fairness by calling two ordinary fans to testify. A Federal Sports Commission is absolutely necessary to protect the interest of the fan, who otherwise has no avenue of appeal other than expensive litigation.

ANGELO F. CONIGLIO

Amherst, N.Y.

WHOSE COUNTRY

Sirs:

Our local Fort Lauderdale sports editor, a rabid Dolphin fan, took great delight in publishing Lou Harris' poll showing that football had topped baseball in popularity.

But now you tell us ("Countdown," SCORECARD, June 19) the poll was financed by the National Football League.

How about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED taking a poll on the fans' reaction to last year's World Series and Super (super?) Bowl. I'll chip in five bucks to help finance it.

BILL FAIRTY

Margate, Fla.

Sirs:

Here is an article that appears on page 136 of the 1971 *Baseball Dope Book* concerning the most popular sport in this country:

NO SPORT (AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL) CAN APPROACH BASEBALL IN EXPOSURE

A recent survey on the radio and television time devoted to live-action baseball, conducted by an independent organization, produced some almost unbelievable facts. The report stated in part:

"Impressive evidence of baseball's place in the heart of America is furnished by a study of the number of persons who watch and listen to the broadcasts of major league ball games over television and radio each year. Just the bare statistics of major league broadcasting are so stupendous that they are almost incomprehensible to the imagination.

"Just how can one visualize an audience of more than four billion persons? Or a programming that encompasses almost 300,000 hours of broadcasting time?"

"No other sport commands a fraction of the audience or the broadcasting hours devoted to major league baseball. In fact, no other programming feature except the playing of phonograph records occupies as much broadcasting time as baseball."

Add to that countless teams of space devoted to the game by the nation's newspapers and magazines and you realize it is an irrefutable fact that baseball is exposed to the pub-

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

be (not only in America, but in other spots around the world) to a degree which no other sport could ever approach.

I hope this information helps your readers understand the June 19 SCORECARD item "Countdown."

BRIAN SEICKLER

San Mateo, Calif.

SMOKE SCREEN (CONT.)

Sirs:

Dick Allen's baseball career has been a very controversial one. He has been with four teams in four years. He has been called a troublemaker. Yet he remains one of the most respected hitters in the game.

I must ask those who wrote about your June 12 cover picturing Allen smoking a cigarette if this picture really harms the image, right or wrong, that we have of Dick Allen? As Jim Bouton's book *Ball Four* pointed out, professional athletes are human beings, not gods. Why then should they be expected to act any differently than you and me? Why should they be presented to the public as something more than what they are?

Perhaps the picture was in poor taste, but I don't think so. It wasn't the first time I had ever seen a major-leaguer with a cigarette. It never affected me before and it doesn't bother me now.

JEFF FEITZER

Normal, Ill.

Sirs:

I didn't even notice that Dick Allen was smoking. That is, until I read the letters in the June 26 issue. I then looked again at the June 12 cover and ta-da! Big deal! If he smokes, that's his own problem, but it shouldn't be any secret.

LYNN MILLER

Monrovia, Calif.

Sirs:

I am astounded by many of the reactions you received concerning Dick Allen smoking in uniform. Perhaps if they, the concerned parents, would stop smoking, their children might look up to them once in a while. It seems to me that parents have been placing this responsibility on the shoulders of sports figures for too long. What kind of effect is it going to have on a child if a parent with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth says, "Look up to Dick Allen, son, because he doesn't smoke!"

STEVE MOKER

Anaheim, Calif.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



It's Yellow Fever season.

This is the only time of the year when you can do nothing and not feel guilty. Doing absolutely nothing, however, isn't all that easy.

Last summer we were sitting around trying to do nothing, when we accidentally came up with a drink as refreshing as summer itself. It's called Yellow Fever. You might try one the next time you set out to do nothing. It's really something.



To make a Yellow Fever, fill a tall glass with ice and lemonade. Add one and one-half oz. of Smirnoff and stir.

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